The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXVI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9, 1921 NUMBER 327

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The Week

PRESIDENT HARDING receives from the old administration a formidable legacy of worries and perplexities. He inherits the management of a country paralyzed by business depression and unemployment. He finds the railroads on his doorstep in a state approaching bankruptcy. Then there is an unfinished war with Germany, and something half-way between war and peace with Russia. Add a few problems, pressing for immediate solution, to the south of us and in the Pacific. On a quick solution of the questions of recognition of Mexico, the Colombian treaty and the fighting between Costa Rica and Panama depends the respect and friendship we hope South America may begin to feel for us. The new administration will have to decide soon how it will finish the negotiations already begun over the Californian anti-Japanese laws. And as to Japan's mandate over the Island of Yap, President Harding finds a difficult piece of negotiation to be done directly with the League of Nations.

THE Island of Yap is the most important single link in the Pacific communications system. It is the meeting place of five cables, from Shanghai, Yokohama, Guam, New Guinea, and the Straits and India. In other words, if the possession of Guam and the Philippines is to mean anything to the United States, Yap must not be in alien hands. It is now under the mandatory control of Japan. How it happened to get there is rather a mystery. Secretary Colby's plain-spoken note to the Council of the League charges that the mandate was assigned without the consent of the United States, in fact contrary to its desire. The United States does not want Yap for itself, but demands that it should not be controlled by any one Power. Japan already controls Yap. This is a fait accompli that no administration, Republican or Democrat, seems likely to accept.

WHAT is particularly interesting about Secretary Colby's note is that it finds the new administration, with its policy of eyes shut toward the League, heir to a sharp controversy directly with the League itself. President Harding can be relied on to think American special interests in Yap just as vital as did Secretary Colby. He cannot ignore the answer to Secretary Colby's complaint that will come back to his administration from the council of the League. He must speak directly to the League in order to protect American interests. Perhaps the League will listen to him more or less as the intention of the United States to join the League is more or less plain.

JUST as the United States is changing pilots comes a puzzling distraction in Central America. After years of dispute and foreign arbitration, Costa Rica occupies territory, in Panama, that she thinks belongs to her. In Panama men are called to the colors and constitutional liberties are abolished. It is war, if on a very small scale. What

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is the United States to do? Help Panama drive out Costa Ricans from territory awarded to Costa Rica? Or, in order to bring peace, support a settlement to which Panama refuses to agree? Can the United States remain passive? Can it prevent war and not itself get into a very uncomfortable position? What effect will the danger to "safety" of the Canal have on the outcome? Colombia may get mixed up in the dispute, and our relations with Colombia are not cordial. This is a tangle that will give the Harding administration something to think about.

IN the light of past experience, Central America has reason for not feeling cordial toward us. From the point of view of any one who wants to eliminate all grievances that South America may have against the United States, the dealings of the United States with Colombia over Panama were a mistake. For nearly seven years the reparation of that mistake, in the form of a treaty under which Colombia would receive $25,000,000 from us, has been delayed. It now appears that both President Harding and Secretary Fall are in favor of an early ratification of this treaty. They will have something of a fight on their hands with the Senators who think ratification would be an admission that President Roosevelt made a bad mistake, that our government should not go back on the creed "of my country, right or wrong" and should not confess nor repair its errors, if any there have been.

THE Oregon House of Representatives has passed, by a vote of 34 to 25, a bill that is practically the duplicate of the California bill to prohibit Japanese from owning land. The Coast seems determined to express its ideas on the Japanese subject so clearly that they cannot be forgotten or misunderstood, even if such action makes negotiations between Washington and Tokio rather difficult. The opponents of the Oregon bill apparently were anxious not to embarrass the federal government; those who were for it, though embarrassment was not their aim, voted as they did "as a spur to federal action."

IN an article in the Annals of the American Academy of Political Science, Mr. Paul Scharrenberg, secretary-treasurer of the California State Federation of Labor, goes to some pains to explain Pacific Coast labor's attitude on Japanese exclusion. Labor, he says, is opposed to Japanese immigration entirely for economic reasons, and is not influenced by any feeling of race hatred. This may be true of Mr. Scharrenberg and other leaders; we wish it were possible to believe it equally true of the rank and file. But there seems little doubt that a strong race feeling plays its part in the matter. If Californians want the Japanese kept out solely because they lower American wage standards, why must Japanese, in so many cases, go to their own movies, their separate restaurants and schools?

SENATOR BORAH'S resolution for a conference on naval reduction between America, Great Britain and Japan may or may not be passed. President Harding favors it, but certainly very mildly. His attitude is more one of hope than of effort. He has told Republican leaders that he favors the Naval Appropriations bill—carrying half a billion for maintenance and increase of the navy during the next fiscal year—as reported out by the Senate Naval Affairs Committee. At bottom he believes in a big navy. So does his Secretary. Press accounts rather naively describe how the President-elect and Secretary Denby "discovered" they held the same fundamental beliefs in regard to the navy. And Mr. Denby wants our navy to be the "equal of any other."

NO matter what happens, one is glad that Mr. Palmer has gone. But he was not the only villain —if indeed he was not rather less a villain than a personification of hysteria and intolerance. He is gone, but the evil he did lives after him, in the minds of a good many officials and detectives who have seen the government break its own laws and remain unpunished. Precedents have been established by which the agents of "law" can treat unpopular individuals with no regard for law and not suffer for it. Senator Borah has made a brave attempt to destroy such precedents. He may succeed, but the minds of legislators are not very sensitive to this kind of injustice. Senator Borah's bill threatens with severe punishment federal officers who make searches or seizures without warrant, or who injure or oppress "any person in the free exercise of any right guaranteed to him by the Constitution or laws of the United States." In other words, the bill is a warning to federal officials who forget that they are the instruments of orderly government.

THERE seems to be little doubt that the new administration will sweep all Democrats from office, high or low, as thoroughly as possible, to make room for Republicans maddened by the job-hunger of eight long years. Even the second and

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third class postmasterships, which were included in the Civil Service by an executive order of 1917, are in danger of becoming legal spoils once more. President Harding is considering the matter, and one can easily imagine the pressure that is being put upon him to revoke the order. Can he resist it? If he was incapable of resisting the temptation to put Daugherty and Fall in his cabinet, will he listen to the Republicans who oppose any paring away of the Civil Service system rather than to those who put party loyalty before national efficiency?

WE are told again and again that commercial relations with Soviet Russia, aside from being vicious in principle, would be impossible in practice. This view does not prevail in England. The London New Statesmen says that a British firm of the highest standing, Armstrong, Whitworth and Co., has signed a contract with the Russian government for repairing a large number of locomotives. As soon as the British-Russian trade agreement is signed, the contract comes into effect, and Armstrong, Whitworth and Co. will immediately begin shipping Russian locomotives via the river Tyne at the rate of "over twenty a week." The contract is expected to run for several years. If ancient and respectable British firms are so far from sceptical as to the profits to be had in doing business with the Bolsheviks, American firms are in essentially the same position, and can safely follow their example.

ANY brief sketch of the complicated question of New York's transit problem is bound to be inadequate. Stated in its baldest terms, it is something like this: The traction companies in past years were mismanaged and it is now quite true that they face the alternative of bankruptcy or a higher fare. Thanks largely to the efforts of the Tammany administration, there seems little doubt that most New Yorkers bitterly oppose a higher fare and see no need for one. Governor Miller's bill, providing for state regulation of city transit, and for a commission authorized to change the fare, has helped to crystallize the issue into a simple one of the "people" against the interests, the present five-cent fare versus an eight-cent fare and more "robbery" by the "corporations." The real perplexities, the possibility of a nearly bankrupt corporation's paying for past sins, and the alternative of the nightmare of municipal ownership of a city still subject to the rule of Tammany, are left in the background, and all that appears is an issue artifically clear enough and popular enough to be one on which there is a possibility that Mayor Hylan may be reelected.

AND now Senator Johnson, a Republican, from California, has come to join the Mayor of New York, a Democrat, in fighting a Republican governor's transit bill. It is an analogue of an old cause of Senator Johnson's in which he fought victoriously in California, against the railroads and again against San Francisco's street car companies. A number of motives have been ascribed for this invasion. Whatever Senator Johnson's motives may really be for this unprecedented interference in an apparently local fight, one of them can be guessed at. Senator Johnson's reading of the future tells him that within the next four years will be renewed, on a nation-wide scale, the old fight of the people versus the special interests, and that he might as well be the first to reoccupy this former battle ground of the progressives.

WHEN the London conference began, everything pointed to the probability of a revision of the Treaty of Sèvres. The Turks, whether from Constantinople or Angora, were naturally for it. So were the French, owing to the fact that their position in Cilicia was uncomfortable, and they desired some arrangement whereby the pressure of the Turkish Nationalist forces would cease. Great Britain opposed revision, but not very obstinately. And the Greeks, Constantinists no less than Venizelists, wanted no change made in the treaty. They argued that if as a result of the embargo on Greek loans that followed the return of the king their financial position was poor, their military position was excellent, and they offered to attack the Turks in the Smyrna sector and drive them as far as Angora if necessary. At first the Turks themselves presented extreme demands, for the boundaries of 1913, which meant the return to them of all Thrace and Smyrna. Naturally they did not actually expect this bit of diplomatic strategy to be taken seriously. For they finally consented to something considerably less: a commission of investigation will try to find out, possibly by means of a plebiscite, whether Smyrna and Thrace should or should not be returned to Turkey. The Greeks make a show of resistance to a plan that is not much less than a revision of the Treaty. They know that since the return of Constantine they can expect little gratitude from the Allies. The decision, then, is a revision, but not a settlement. For until it is determined who Smyrna and Thrace are to belong to, the solution of the Near East tangle is only postponed.

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The Return of the Republicans

IT is like a town with two theaters. At one they have been playing a heavy tragedy for such a long time that every man, woman and child in the place knows the piece by heart. At the other a variety show is billed; the management promises the return of some old favorites, positively last farewell performances, and a novelty or two. Unable to endure seeing the tragedy again, the townspeople turn out as never before for the first night at the other theater. They buy their tickets, they settle themselves in no unkindly spirit in the rather comfortable seats, they wait without impatience for the lifting of the curtain. They feel they have done their part. Now will the management please do its part. The first act, whatever it is, they will applaud. That is the custom at first nights. But after that the audience is prepared to wait and see.

The management, they know, has had an awful time making up the program. Most of the actors had to be chosen because somebody was the friend of the manager, or a cousin of the spot light man, or an old chum of the walking delegate of the stagehands' union. Two real stars were picked. But although there had been some talk of giving the show a plot, that was soon abandoned, for nobody could be found to write the scenario. And so with muttering and mumbling behind the scenes, and with the manager's heart in his boots, the show begins.

Sixteen million people voted Republican last November. What did they vote for? They voted to give a small group of men the power to govern this country for four years. The choice which these voters had to accept was made for them by perhaps a dozen men, each of whom represented a portion of the thousand delegates who assembled and perspired in the Coliseum at Chicago. These thousand delegates represented about one hundred thousand active Republican workers. And these one hundred thousand represented a solid forty per cent of the men's vote, and at that time an incalculable percentage of the women's. These forty per cent were men, who, though they have political opinions, never have had, and are convinced that they never will have, any opinion so strong that it would prevent them from voting a straight ticket. And so, because this forty per cent is wholly dependable, the one hundred thousand party workers can deliver them, through the thousand delegates, to the masters of the party.

Within certain limits, the masters of the party have a free hand. As long as they can prevent the twenty per cent of independent, self-governing voters from turning to the other party in a body, they can remain in power. And that will satisfy the thousand delegates, the one hundred thousand party workers, and the forty per cent regulars.

Yet these self-governing voters, the twenty per cent, need watching. For they have a habit of becoming interested in issues that concern the great mass of the people, and the capacity at times of finding leaders within the party, or on the edge of it, who can organize their vote and make it count. The nightmare of the regulars is that some fine day, through the use of the primary and the unwillingness of the women to stand in line, these people will possess themselves of the Republican name. And then the regular forty per cent will remain loyal to them instead of to the men who now run the show. The fear of Johnson, the fear of Borah, the fear of Hoover, the fear of the League of Women Voters, is clearly written all over the triumphant countenances of the incoming politicians.

These are crude terms, to be sure, in which to discuss what happens on March fourth. But as you contemplate Mr. Harding and his closest advisers, in what other terms should the affair be discussed? The words would stick in your throat if you began to talk about the return of the party of Hamilton and Lincoln and Roosevelt, Americanism, nationalism and the rest. There is no more relation between these phrases and what is about to happen than there is between the policies of Queen Elizabeth and Mary Pickford's opinion on the depreciation of the German mark.

But while the return of the Republicans means the return of a certain group of politicians, these men have certain ideas and certain connections which will determine their attitude to public affairs. Their opinions were formed in their youth. Consequently they believe that this country was built up by the aggressive, irresistible captains of industry, free from interference at home, and protected against competition from abroad. They believe in these men, and what these men believe. They do not believe merely, as every one must, that these men did a necessary pioneering work in a new and undeveloped country; they believe that nothing has happened that calls for a new type of industrial leadership.

Though the country's position has changed from that of a debtor to a creditor, from a country dependent on an excess of exports to one requiring an excess of imports, they have changed none of their ideas on the tariff. They believe in sending as many goods out of the country as possible, and in letting as few in as possible. They

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have changed none of their ideas on the exploitation of natural resources. Though the halcyon days are over in which forests and mines seemed inexhaustible, though the time is at hand when natural capital must be carefully conserved, they believe to the very limit of what the public will tolerate, in the allocation to private hands of what remains of the public domain, and the unregulated use of all natural resources.

They do not believe in constitutional government for industry. They believe in the free hand and the strong hand, and working men who know their place. They believe that public office is party fodder, and that the chief value of appointment is in the control of the next party convention. We are referring to the men who made Mr. Harding President of the United States, and appointed all but two or three members of his cabinet. And of these men we say, and they are men quite well known for twenty or thirty years, that they have not been thinking about America. They have been thinking about their party, and about an influential class.

But their ideas of public policy have not yet begun to take into account, they have not yet begun to estimate, to study, and to consider what has happened since they were born into their party. They have not considered that America is now a settled country, with huge cities, with a complicated industrial system, with affiliations and interests far beyond its boundaries. The men who return to power on March fourth have had no real responsibility in America for almost twenty years, and there have been no swifter years for at least a century.

And therefore, granting the good-humored tolerance to which every one who starts is entitled, the necessity of vigilance was never greater. America is to be governed by men inexperienced in the modern world, but over-experienced in one that has passed away.

Hoover

IN the way he accepted his post in the cabinet, Mr. Hoover again displayed a hint of that quality which makes him easily the most constructive man in American public life. For no sooner was it admitted that Mr. Harding had invited Mr. Hoover than the evidences of Mr. Hoover thinking of what could be made of the job were seen. Of all the cabinet choices he alone, and he immediately, did the thing which is both remarkable and obvious: he showed that he was studying his opportunity and using his imagination upon it.

In our time there has been no one with quite such an appetite and such digestion for concrete fact joined to quite such a faculty for using knowledge as the basis of power. Contrast him with the man who always starts with a moral maxim; contrast him with the man who starts in some corner of the facts and ends among the wishes of interested friends. The contrast supplies a notion of the type of man who in the complicated novelties of modern civilization is needed to administer great affairs.

There seem to have gone into the making of Hoover several strains often enough found in different men, but rarely in the same one. The first of these, and the least common, is a habit of scientific estimate, an ability to think quantitatively, an ability, not only to let the facts speak for themselves, but to make them speak. A second strain, common enough by itself, but rare in a scientifically trained man, is that of the shrewd and daring trader. The story of Mr. Hoover's dealings with suspicious governments before we entered the war, and since the armistice, is a record of incredible resource and ingenuity. He plays his whole hand for all that it is worth.

But all of this would not alone have given Mr. Hoover his extraordinary place in modern life. Back of it is a gift for seeing the human reality in a true order of values. In 1914 there were plenty of people who wanted to save Belgium, yet without the Belgian Relief it is possible that Belgium would have been torn to tatters in the process. The idea of saving the people that you are out to save by saving them, feeding them, sustaining them, holding them together, even though they are on the other side of the battle-line was one of those direct and unheard of performances that are a mark of genius.

African Troops on the Rhine

WHATEVER influence lies back of the current propaganda against the employment by France of colored troops in the occupied districts, it has greatly miscalculated the temper of American opinion. That propaganda bears every indication of an attempt to turn to account the peculiar color psychosis of the American people. The familiar charges of fiendish lusts, ungovernable brutality, which have served for so many years to justify lynchings at home, are now being used in an attempt to create a breach between America and France. That attempt will not succeed, even among those sections of our population which are disposed to believe every atrocity tale against the

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Negro in our midst. And it is an affront to every American who recognizes that the distinctions between good and evil, humanity and brutality, do not follow the color line. It is, indeed, an affront to the nation, which enlisted colored men as well as white, in the expectation that they would take part in the invasion of enemy soil, where they would be much less under restraint than the soldiers of any army of occupation. If colored troops are inherently barbarous, the United States was guilty of an atrocity in enlisting them for war.

In any army of occupation, whatever its color, there will be found individuals capable of committing outrages upon the civil population. Discipline can never be so perfect that sporadic outrages will not in fact be committed. Now, whether the African troops on the Rhine have a specially bad record or not in this respect does not appear on the face of the charges. Atrocities have been committed by colored troops; more atrocities are alleged; but through it all runs the implication that the horror of them is greatly deepened by the fact of color. As if ever in history the colored races had been guilty of greater barbarities than the white races in the late war.

But there is another angle from which the matter of conscription of African troops for service on European soil ought to be considered, and seriously considered, before the policy becomes ingrained. We may recall the sense of relief that came over the Allied world when it became clear that Germany could not retain her African colonies. So long as she held those colonies, there was always a danger that the German militarists might conscript the native population and shape them into a fighting machine which would upset the peace of Africa, in the first instance, and then the peace of the world. There is a check, however inadequate, upon the military employment of citizen levies. Every government, even the most autocratic, must hold the loyalty of its citizens, and that may be difficult in a war of naked aggression in which they are asked to stake their possessions and their lives. The citizen can not be expected to be awake to the need of averting war, when the vital losses of war are to fall upon subjects holding an inferior status with respect to the state.

But if it would have been dangerous to the peace of the world to have the German government building up subject armies in which the plain citizen of Germany took little interest and of which in fact he knew little, it is not reassuring to have any other Power pursue the same policy. Militarism is militarism, under whatever flag. Under whatever flag, the military and diplomatic arms of the government need to be subjected to popular control.

Now, there is little reason for fearing that the French government, even if on occasion it might fall under the control of military adventurers, would go the dangerous road of imperial aggression, if it had to depend upon the citizens of France for its military resources. The citizen of France is vitally interested in questions pertaining to length of service and other military burdens. He knows what war costs.

But even before the war France had a vast and populous colonial domain in which military administrators could raise large armies without the consent of the peoples directly concerned, and without efficient control from the people of France. She has larger domains now. But if France sets out to raise armies of unfree conscripts, England in the end might be forced to follow suit, and Japan might likewise be forced to occupy increasing sections of the Asiatic mainland from which to draw man power for war.

As an institution, colonial conscription is capable of inaugurating a new race in armaments, to end, perhaps, in another world war, more terrific and merciless than the last. It is an institution which the European nations will have to curb, unless they are prepared to risk the extinction of European civilization. Now self-governing domains may properly be expected to raise forces sufficient to defend themselves. Anything beyond that tends inevitably toward a kind of imperialism that ends with the wreck of an era of civilization.

The injection of the color question can only confuse the issue. Exactly the same disasters might be expected to follow upon the conscription of subject peoples of the same race and color. Nor can anything but confusion come out of German protests. It is not the particular interest of Germany, but the common interest of the civilized nations that is jeopardized by an institution which makes for militarism out of reach of civil control. It is not the fact of colored forces serving on the Rhine against which an honest protest can be made, but the fact of unfree armies, no matter where they are garrisoned, enlisted and trained, to serve as instruments of a militarism in so far autocratic and irresponsible.

A Tariff Club for Canada

I would rather have indissoluble ties of righteous trade promote international friendship than all the compacts ever written in the world.

WHO said that? John Bright? Richard Cobden? Certainly those great champions of free trade and international peace said something of the kind. But this particular expression of their doctrine happens to come from quite a different source. It comes from an address delivered at

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Jacksonville on February 25th by Warren G. Harding, in seven days to assume the office of President with a mandate covering, among other things, a program of revising the tariff upward, of throwing artificial barriers in the way of "righteous trade." Was Harding just giving way to some vague lyric impulse, or did the high protectionists vote for him under a misapprehension as to his real attitude? Well, we shall see.

In the meantime let us examine the attitude towards trade of the party which Mr. Harding will have to use as his instrument of policy. It is not necessary to deduce that attitude from words: it is clearly exhibited in the action of the conference committee on the emergency tariff bill. That bill is, of course, only a preliminary instalment of Republican policy.

But it is especially instructive, from the point of view of our international relations because it affects mainly our trade with Canada. Wheat, thirty-five cents a bushel; wheat flour and semolina, twenty per cent ad valorem; flaxseed, thirty cents a bushel; potatoes, twenty-five cents a bushel; cattle, thirty per cent ad valorem; sheep, two dollars a head; milk, two cents a gallon. All these items, it goes without saying, are aimed directly at Canada. There are also duties on butter and cheese and fresh meat that will affect Canada more than any other country. For the rest, the bill puts a duty on wool, affecting Australia, mainly; on corn, affecting nobody; on rice, affecting the Orient; on lemons, affecting Italy; on long staple cotton, affecting Egypt; on vegetable oils, affecting mainly Japan and the tropical colonies, and two cents a pound on sugar, the disadvantage of which would be quite widely distributed.

Not only are the items affecting Canada the more numerous, and applicable to a larger volume of trade and a trade potentially capable of greater growth, but they assume a prohibitive character that does not appear in the other cases. We shall continue to import sugar over a duty of two cents a pound. Seven cents a pound will not drive Egyptian cotton away from our thread manufacture. We shall continue to take Australian wool in spite of a duty of fifteen cents a pound, unwashed, because our spinners require the quality which it possesses and our own does not. The vegetable oils will still come in because our own supplies are wanting or inadequate. But no Canadian wheat, except for seed, can pay thirty-five cents a bushel to enter a market like ours, which is necessarily kept very near the Canadian market through the fact that our wheat surplus has to meet that of Canada in the European market, without any difference in price except on a basis of quality. The same principle applies to flaxseed, and, with some limitations, to cattle and meat. Canada and the United States are both exporters to a common market. In both countries home prices will keep close to the export price. It is a matter of simple arithmetic to prove that in the circumstances Canadian products can not enter our markets, nor our products the Canadian markets, over anything but a purely nominal duty. Such duties as the Conference Committee has agreed on are not protective, but prohibitive duties.

Let it be so, the old fashioned protectionist would say. Our farmers just now, are having a very hard time. The prices of the products they have to sell have fallen, in many instances, to prewar levels; the prices of the goods they buy have nowhere fallen proportionately. If their position can be improved by the exclusion of Canadian wheat, is it not fair to exclude it? But will our farmers, in fact, gain anything by such exclusion? They will have to sell their wheat cheaply enough to meet Canadian competition in the European markets. Suppose we took a hundred million bushels of Canadian wheat and ground it for our own bread. That would be a hundred million bushels less on the European market, to be supplied by our own export. What difference does it make to the European market where the wheat comes from? It is the quantity that affects the European price, and reacts upon our own.

Whatever the duty on Canadian wheat may do for us, it is not likely to raise our domestic prices so long as we remain a wheat exporting nation. It is a fake remedy for a condition of agricultural distress which is much more real than most of the politicians at Washington dream. There might be some good in even a fake remedy, if the farmers believed in it. But do they? We have received a circular distributed by the Bank of North Dakota which sets forth in precise economic analysis the reasons why a duty on Canadian wheat can do nothing for the wheat growers on this side of the line. The Bank of North Dakota is not an institution that might be expected to take vigorous issue with a belief strongly held by its farmer supporters. The grain duties are a hocus pocus, and the farmers know it.

But if these emergency duties are incapable of meeting any real emergency, are they anything more than a harmless performance of legislative vaudeville? They are not harmless; they are pernicious in a high degree, as anyone is forced to admit if he stops to reflect on the nature of our economic and political relations with Canada, and the future development of those relations.

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Canada and the United States are not two geographically independent units, containing each within itself the basis of a self-sufficing economy and a complete system of trade routes connecting it with the sea and the world market. The boundary line between the two countries is economically just as artificial as the boundary line between Connecticut and Massachusetts, Texas and Oklahoma. Along practically the whole boundary, there are communities on the one side that would naturally resort to commercial centres on the other side. There are whole vast territories, on either side, that would naturally knit up economically with markets on the other side. For the next quarter century at least, the United States and Canada together will remain economically a single domain of excess food production. And the excess of food ought to flow freely toward the European markets, crossing and recrossing the boundary, pausing now at one point, now at another to be mixed or manufactured, to be diverted for local consumption or forwarded for the export trade.

Now, can anyone doubt that if our politicians and those of Canada would let us alone, we should develop out of our natural geographical relations "indissoluble ties of righteous trade" that would promote the friendship between our two English speaking nations more than any formal compact could promote it? And can anyone doubt that this friendship is worth making efforts to promote?

Canada, measured by her present population, is still one of the lesser nations, as the United States was one of the lesser nations a hundred years ago. In less than another hundred years Canada will be one of the Great Powers. Her natural resources clearly presage a population larger than that of a European Great Power of today, a population comparing favorably in vigor and energy with the best in the world. Does the United States desire the growing Canadian nation to build up its national spirit on a basis of hostility to the United States, or on a basis of friendly cooperation? Does the United States want a potential enemy, or an unchanging friend on a boundary which is absolutely the weakest that separates any two nations in the world? What the United States and Canada do in the way of fostering or discouraging mutual intercourse and trade will have much to do with the matter. And just now Congress is engaged in delivering a blow at Canadian trade, in the hope that our farmers may be deluded into accepting it in payment of political pledges made to them and may in turn give support to an industrial tariff that is something other than an empty grimace of international ill-will.

The A. F. of L. Turns to the People

A GRAY, lonely atmosphere surrounded the recent meeting of the Executive Council Chamber of the A. F. of L. in Washington. The officers and other representatives of the national trade unions had gathered to comfort and hearten one another "in this crucial hour." For months the tide had been running against them. Unemployment had been undermining their wartime strength. A succession of adverse court decisions had cut away their Magna Carta, the delusive Clayton act. Manufacturers' associations, American Plan committees, leagues for industrial rights, taking advantage of their shaken morale, had launched against them the most heavily munitioned of all union smashing, open shop drives. And worst of all, the people, forgetful of their wartime services and smilingly contemptuous of their threat to "punish their enemies," had seemed to involve them in the general landslide at the last Presidential and congressional election. They were a subdued, perplexed and lonely looking lot of men as they gathered in executive session.

After brief deliberation, they resolved to issue an appeal to the public. "We ask the American people to give solemn consideration to this declaration . . . . The American labor movement in this crucial hour here lays before the people the full story . . . . American labor battling for the preservation of American democracy and American institutions . . . . speaks from no narrow or selfish point of view. It speaks from the standpoint of American citizenship. . . ."

There is a new note in all this. It is not like the A. F. of L. to come thus humbly before the people. Heretofore the tone has rather been: What has the public ever done for us? We serve notice that we shall reward our friends and punish our enemies . . . .

With the main plea of the solemn declaration, the New Republic has always been thoroughly in accord. The A. F. of L. has been one of the very great humanizing forces in American life. The trade unions have been among the great schools of American citizenship. The American labor movement has battled courageously both for the preservation and the sane development of American democracy. The trade unions are among the staunchest bulwarks of American institutions. Their destruction, their continued harassment and enervation even, would be a national disaster. Upon this most liberals and many conservatives are agreed. Why then does the general public

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remain indifferent, cold or hostile? Why do the people generally accept with complacency the adverse judgments of the courts? Why in this crucial hour does the A. F. of L. feel constrained to appeal to the American people for solemn consideration?

Labor speaks from no narrow or selfish point of view. Perhaps not. But even the A. F. of L. finds it necessary to assure the public that this is so. By their very declaration, these officers and other representatives of the national unions confess an awareness of a popular suspicion that they do speak from a narrow and selfish point of view. Have they not always elected to play a lone hand? Have they not always dedicated their energies to bills of rights for their own clan rather than bills of rights for the American people? They pretend to despise all foreign labor movements; they rant in the approved Civic Federation style against "insidious foreign propaganda" and the "followers of radical European fanaticism." They have cut themselves off from the international trade union affiliation. But is not the strength of the British labor movement, for example, as contrasted with the movement in America, the fact that British labor has made the cause of social reconstruction its own?

The present declaration is no exception. It opens with the assertion that American labor is battling for the preservation of American democracy, American institutions; that labor speaks from the standpoint of American citizenship. It condemns industrial autocracy, profiteering, anarchy in the labor market. It insists upon collective bargaining as "one of the great stabilizing influences in industry." It declares labor's zeal to serve all the people. "The trade union movement would be false to its trust, false to the ideals of our Republic and false to the great public whose confidence it must have, as well as false to its own members whose interests it is organized to protect, if it neglected any proper effort in behalf of the liberty or well-being of the great masses of the people." Amid the echoes of these far-resounding phrases, the declaration announces labor's program.

The program is of the old, old vintage,—the right to organize into trade unions; the right of workers to bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing; the right to strike; the right to boycott; prohibition of all immigration for a period of not less than two years; removal by Congress of the "usurped power of the courts to declare unconstitutional, laws enacted by Congress;" exemption of trade unions from all anti-combination and conspiracy laws or the repeal of such laws.

And, of course, the old call upon the workers "to resist the efforts to destroy trade unions, whether by the false pretence of the 'open shop,' the usurped authority of courts through writs of injunction, or otherwise." The only new ideas, and not so very new at that, are contained in the suggestion looking to the repeal of the Sherman law, the demand for a congressional investigation of "so-called private detective agencies," and the "administration of credit as a public trust."

Convinced supporters of the trade unions and the A. F. of L. have long agreed with the major part of this program. But as an appeal to the people for solemn consideration in this "crucial hour" when "we are confronted by a supreme crisis" it sounds inadequate almost to the point of sterility. It will hardly serve to convince the sceptical that labor speaks from no narrow or selfish point of view. It is especially curious that a program promulgated by an organization that has persistently eschewed political action should be so exclusively political. If the hour is crucial for labor, if labor is confronted by a supreme crisis, may not the reason be that the A. F. of L. leans so heavily upon government while refusing to assume any independent responsibility for the development and execution of a political program? The liberal forces of the country are waiting for new leadership.

There lies the opportunity for the American labor movement. So long as the A. F. of L. confines itself to fulminations against industrial autocrats, the courts and the spooks of "overseas propaganda," its plea for recognition as the one unselfish, courageous, and enlightened defender of American institutions and the liberties of all the people is likely to fall on doubting ears.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1921, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT; ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER; DANIEL MEBANE, CIRCULATION MANAGER.

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS, FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

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Mr. Justice Holmes

EVERY nation forms an intellectual type which is peculiarly its own. Ancient Greece and the Roman Empire, India, Italy, Germany, France, have all taught us in their several ways to observe and understand this fact. England has shown the formation of the type in its own fashion, and the United States has given to the world a demonstration of it in its own form, a form differing from that of England, but rather because of the genius of the people than because of divergence in permeating ideals.

It is this lesson that I wish to consider briefly as illustrated in the instance of a man who represents for some of us who are students a striking example of it, Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. He is a product of the modern spirit in its Anglo-Saxon aspect, and it is in this aspect that he stands out, as I think, beyond his contemporaries. Not merely in his judgments, or in his famous book on the Common Law, or in his occasional addresses and papers, but most of all where the underlying thought which pervades all of these is brought together, as it is in his recent volume of Collected Legal Papers, do we see the evidence of this quality. The volume contains more than what is ordinarily understood by the legal man in the street as being law. But that is because, for the author of the book, knowledge is an entirety and law is but one phase of the entirety of the whole system of human knowledge.

France and Germany have produced jurists of a high order. Montesquieu, von Savigny and von Jehring have given the world philosophies of law. But in their countries the very principle on which, in differing forms, they insisted, has been checked in its practical operation. The principle was that the jurisprudence of a nation must be a developing one, and must go hand in hand with changes due to the historical development of the nation itself. It is by the irony of circumstances that the arresting and stereotyping influence of codes has hindered such development in the countries of these great jurists, in France in the shape of the Code of Napoleon; in Germany through codes of later date.

Such codes have their great advantages, but it is not merely from unconsciousness of these advantages that they have but faint parallels in Anglo-Saxon countries. The genesis of the law in the United States and in Great Britain has been different. Precedent and interpretation in the light of changing public policy have taken the place with us of written and rigid words. Instead of the great jurists I have referred to, the names which stood highest in the story of our legal system before the Declaration of Independence were names such as those of Chief Justices Holt and Mansfield, and of a Lord Chancellor such as Hardwicke, men who in interpreting the law were really able to construct it anew.

Of later years we have naturally had successors to these, judges such as Willes and Bowen, great scholars and great lawyers, but men whose activities were circumscribed in that the walls of precedent had grown too high to be looked over. On the other hand, had they been jurists, in the sense in which Montesquieu, von Savigny and von Jehring were pure jurists, there would have been but little room for the practical activities they exhibited in developing the law on a grand scale, either by framing decisions or by influencing minor reforms.

In the United States it has been, as the result of the Anglo-Saxon tradition in this domain, somewhat the same, but not wholly so. The freedom of the numerous state legislatures has demanded more elasticity. As the result, perhaps, of this freedom, the American jurist, whose outlook is less restrained by uniformity in the tendencies by which he is surrounded, has been more appreciated than in Great Britain. The history of the Harvard Law School alone would be a sufficient witness to the necessity felt of carrying back law to what ought to be principle, and not merely to precedent.

In one of his papers, that containing the address on The Path of the Law, Mr. Justice Holmes defines Jurisprudence. "Jurisprudence is, as I look at it, simply law in its most generalized part. Every effort to reduce a case to a rule is an effort of jurisprudence, although the name as used in English is confined to the broadest rules and most fundamental conceptions. One mark of a great lawyer is that he sees the application of the broadest rules." Elsewhere the author makes it apparent that for him the process involves more than any merely deductive method. Historical development and, not less, relativity to the general opinion prevailing in successive periods, must also be taken into account.

In Great Britain we have, for the reason I have already indicated, separated off rather sharply the lawyer from the jurist. Great jurists we have had, but their direct contact with the administration of the law has not been large. Sir Henry Maine, Dicey and Maitland are examples. But in the United States the separation appears to have been throughout less sharp, thanks, partly, to such in-

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fluences as that of the Harvard School, and not less to the fact that Americans have been freed to a larger extent from the incrustations of tradition. Such men as Ames, to take an example, have given the study of the law a wide latitude. To other well-known names of men who are doing this on the Bench as well as in Chairs, I need not refer. New movements are broadening out a current which, in some part at least, seems to have had its source in the personality of Chief Justice Marshall, that most remarkable example of the statesman and lawyer in combination.

But to my mind the most typical example of the modern spirit in this region of knowledge is that of Mr. Justice Holmes himself. Like Bowen, he has brought to his task a fine felicity of diction, the gift of the finished scholar, but not less important as an instrument for making influence felt. Such a style is to a lawyer of the grand type what eloquence is to a man of public affairs. It adds vastly to his strength, for the form in which he teaches his lesson appeals to many who might otherwise be indifferent to its substance.

With this observation, I will venture to say a few words about substance.

With Mr. Justice Holmes, as I have already observed, all forms of knowledge have their functions within an entirety. The university is therefore for him a place of great importance. "It is a place," he says, "from which men start for the Eternal City. In the university are pictured the ideals which abide in the City of God. Many roads lead to that haven, and those who are here have traveled by different paths toward the goal . . . My way has been by the ocean of the law. On that I have learned a part of the great lesson, the lesson not of law but of life." This saying is characteristic of the man. For him the infinite is everywhere present. To give the words of Goethe a fresh application, "Here or nowhere is America."

Now this point of view is no artificial one. It results from keeping the gaze steadily fixed on the unity of knowledge, and the inseverability of the life of its branches from that of the trunk. Law has never, for Justice Holmes, been a reality apart from the history of the nation whose law it is, or without interpretation in the light, not merely of its own letter, but of the spirit of that nation. It is inextricably combined with the human element. "Every calling," he has said, "is great when greatly pursued." And again, "The present has a right to govern itself, so far as it can. And it ought always to be remembered that historical continuity with the past is not a duty, it is only a necessity."

I have cited these sayings of Mr. Justice Holmes's because, not only are they characteristic of his outlook, but they are something more. They are really the key to numerous judgments of his, delivered in the Supreme Court of the United States, which we in England read. We have to read them only for our general edification, because in interpreting our own unwritten constitution, or even the partly written constitution of the Dominions, when they come before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, analogies drawn from the written Constitution of the United States are rarely safe guides for us English judges. We study these judgments because of their keen insight, and of a diction which is matchless among those of contemporary exponents of legal principle.

As has been said of them, they illustrate a realism which is rare, a refusal to "defeat life by formal logic, and show a steady regard for local needs and local habits. General principles do not decide concrete cases. The decision will depend on a judgment or intuition more subtle than any articulate major premise." On the other hand, "while the Courts must exercise a judgment of their own, it by no means is true that every law is void which may seem to the judges who pass upon it excessive or unsuitable to its ostensible end, or based on conceptions of morality with which they disagree. Considerable latitude must be allowed for differences of view as well as for possible conditions which this court can know but imperfectly, if at all. Otherwise a constitution, instead of embodying only fundamental rules of right, as generally understood by all English-speaking communities, would become the partisan of a particular set of ethical or economical opinions, which by no means are held semper ubique et ab omnibus."

These quotations I have extracted because they indicate the true spirit of today, in which the judge has sought to discharge the responsible duty of interpreting the particular constitution of a great nation.

But it is not by his opinions on this kind of law, momentous as it is, that Mr. Justice Holmes is best known to us over here. Since he wrote his book on the Common Law his name has been a familiar one in the households of our jurists in England, and in the libraries of the best of our lawyers. We recognize him as knowing the old Year Books as hardly any among ourselves know them. He has traced and weighed the significance for the present day of that old law which belongs to you as much as it does to us, that old law out of which the modern systems of both countries have grown. He has thrown new light on the genesis of Uses and of Equity; of the law of Torts, of Privilege, of Agency and of Executorship. He speaks with reverence of Bracton, yet not the less he dwells on the transforming power of economic energy in the jurisprudence of nations.

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It is consistent with this that he treats it as an open question whether the influence of ideas, as in the case of Kant, may not have been greater in its effect on the lives of men than that of Napoleon. And finally he sums up this creed by saying that if one's imagination is strong enough to accept the vision of ourselves as parts inseverable from the rest, and to extend our final interest beyond the boundary of our particular personalities, it justifies the sacrifice even of our lives for ends outside ourselves.

It is figures thus revealing themselves as possessing qualities which appeal to other nations as well as to their own, that draw the world together. More than ever is it becoming plain that it is not by agreeing formally on treaties or on abstract principles that nations grow into unison, but by the dominating influence of leaders. These leaders may, if they be of one kind, reach almost at once a vast public. They may be prominent in senates or on battlefields. But it is an open question whether the power that counts in the end for most is not that of the men who direct the course of reflection, or who impose high standards in literature, in art or in religion. Thought assumes many forms, and, if it is great enough in its range, those who wield it are potent in the regions where these forms rule. In every country there is a multitude of people whose outlook is directed to aspects that are as divergent as they are multitudinous. There is therefore room for intellectual and spiritual guidance of many kinds.

The influence of such leaders may be confined at first to the few. It may never permeate newspapers or be displayed in the limelight. But not the less it will be great if, filling at first the minds of only a comparatively small band of disciples who have accepted it, that influence gradually shapes, to begin with, general opinion, and in the end the institutions which are responsive to that opinion. Moreover, leadership of this kind often proves not to be confined to any one country. Ideas, when great enough, have a penetrative power which extends beyond the boundaries of nations and across oceans.

The quality that is requisite if this is to be so, is necessarily high. But in every generation there are men who, in their chosen sphere, possess such quality and inspire others by their possession of it. We do not always recognize them fully when they are still with us. It is often at a later stage in the history of their own subjects that they become prominent before the public for the first time. We need to be reminded of the truth that human nature is always producing this kind of personality, and that it is our own want of insight, a failure on our part that is inevitable—the character of human vision being what it is—that prevents us from recognizing even what is altogether uncommon, when it is too close at hand.

But the distinctive quality is there, and we do well to awaken ourselves to the sense of its possible presence. The gift with which a really dominant personality is endowed almost always extends in some way beyond its sphere. For it belongs to the whole system of knowledge, with its unity displayed in varying modes. These modes all belong to the single entirety. It is too little realized how physical science, the theory of the state to which jurisprudence belongs, ethics, art and religion, are really indissoluble in the system of knowledge. I feel that, interpreting the words of Bishop Berkeley in the sense appropriate to our times, Mr. Justice Holmes would probably himself adopt the conclusion of that acute critic of life: "Whatever the world thinks, he who hath not much meditated upon God, the human mind, and the summum bonum, may possibly make a thriving earth-worm, but will most indubitably make a sorry patriot and a sorry statesman."

HALDANE.

"We Who Are About to Die"

HERE is the mainspring of the world's oldest tragedy: To fight for change, to establish it firmly and then to see it fall before inevitable change. "The fear of youth," writes Mr. H. G. Wells, "is the beginning of wisdom." So much for a text.

How the American youngsters in their teens and twenties rallied around Mr. Howells when he came out of Ohio by way of New England in the eighties. Walking abreast of him came Mary E. Wilkins, Charles Egbert Craddock, Hamlin Garland, George W. Cable, Thomas Nelson Page, Richard Harding Davis, Margaret Deland, Hopkinson Smith, and soon they gathered about them a group of realists who established a new order of writers in this country—an eager body of literary explorers of waste places. With the fiction writers came Riley and the dialect rhymers, all—story tellers and rhymers—looking joyously for new things to write about; unexplored corners of the heart, unstaked literary lands; New England's flinty emotions, the rough ways of "our great Middle West," the soft and luxurious South, denuded by the war of its exterior beauty, the rugged ways of the mountain folk, and California with which Frank Norris came wagging in.

In the middle nineties Chicago assumed a little brief authority as a publishing centre. Stone & Kimball, Way & Williams, the Chapbook, a blithe

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band of revolutionists, assembled to watch the sunrise in the Little Room. And Henry Fuller, Harry Webster, George Ade, Peter Dunne, Octave Thanet, Harriet Monroe and the World's Fair, which was as much of a personage as any of the others, became fixed stars in the dawn. The Bowen Merrill Company at Indianapolis began to branch out into fiction and poetry—a group of writers clustering around Riley; reviving Maurice Thompson, developing Meredith Nicholson, Mary Hartwell Catherwood, and then with the effulgence of the dawn that "comes up like thunder" appeared Sam McClure! He streaked zigzag across the country, peddling Mr. Howells's The Quality of Mercy for his syndicate; McClure gave Howells the unheard of price of ten thousand dollars, count them—ten, for the syndicate rights of the story. Probably no other American ever gave the writing craft of this country such a quick cosmic kick, which amounted to impulse, as Sam McClure, aided, controlled, and transformed by John S. Phillips. McClure's magazine gathered about it Booth Tarkington, Ray Stannard Baker, Miss Tarbell, Stewart Edward White, Steffens, Willa Cather and a husky lot of young adventurers, the Pilgrim Fathers of the muckrakers of ten years later—mostly from the West and all of the West in their divine impudence. San Francisco developed its lively crowd—a sort of renaissance of the Bret Harte-Mark Twain days, and the whole order around Mr. Howells, around Chicago, around Indianapolis, around McClure's, became one rather definite school of American writers. It was not great; but it had a certain sure quality, and it was recording the story of the times.

The writers of this school let themselves go; they believed in the emotions. Things were fairly black and white, with gray areas conspicuously restricted. As children and youths they had come through the sixties, seventies and eighties, and they had seen the physical miracle which populated the Mississippi valley, the mountain states and the Pacific coast. They marvelled at it; they frankly admired it, even if they almost invariably made villains of the community captains who did the job; the railway builders, the timber thieves, the bankers, the public utility magnates, the mine operators, the land speculators. Christopher Columbus did not disembark upon his new America with a more awed and joyous soul than these explorers of the New America took into their wilderness. These joyous souls revolted at the materialism of the times and the leaders who embodied that materialism in each community; so the leaders became the villains; but the heroes written in the books of that hour were the people, or the embodied courage and faith and devotion of the people to the American spirit of progress. Of course this spirit was puritanism in a new dress,—puritanism which is the consecration of the economic main chance as a moral issue. And so these joyous souls of the nineties and of the first decade of this century, wandering about their new wilderness, typewriter in hand, saw beauty in the landscape, heroism in the people, and the promise of a greater American life in all the significances that arrested their attention.

"It is great," read the sign across the carnival entrance, "to be bug house!" And literary life in those good old days was a carnival of optimism. A modern critic of Booth Tarkington accuses him of "swallowing Midland city whole." Of course he did; for he loved it. His father helped to make it. Booth Tarkington subscribes to support the art gallery, probably heads the list of sponsors and guarantors for the week of grand opera, is a subscriber to the fund to sustain the symphony concerts, is a member of the country club, lives in a suburban place with wide verandahs, velvet lawns, and one hired girl—why shouldn't he swallow it whole? We all swallow it whole. And we buy Main Street in car load lots out here as the digestoid tablet to relieve us after the meal.

Which brings us to the meat of the matter. Main Street is of the new order. And the new order is here. The story teller under the old order may as well "learn of her ways and be wise." Ten years ago it was fashionable to write stories which dramatized the wisdom of the ages, as it is reflected in the Ten Commandments, the beatitudes and the Golden Rule. Ten years ago virtue was rewarded—in one way or another, either by raw material bon-bons, or frothy spiritual satisfactions. Ten years ago vice was punished either by death or remorse or spiritual atrophy. Today "Doc" Kennicott takes his night off, bats his eyes at the domestic environment next morning for an uneasy moment, and that's all. We have moved, during the war, "somewhere east of Suez!" We are no longer interested in "nice people." It is no longer popular to hang their dirty linen upon the line, and let its embroideries and filmy grace make amends for its exposure. We must write, of the men who fresco the railing around the area-way leading down to the "Bon-ton barber shop," and our sordid literary laundry exposes the "short and simple" flannels "of the poor"—mostly red! But above all we must not be sorry for the poor. We must not be sorry for any one. Pride under the new dispensation is bad enough; pride in the town, pride in the state, pride in the country, pride in the heroic patience of humanity; pride in the slow groping of mankind through the dark toward justice, toward that bungling institutionalized kind-

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ness called democracy—bah, that's the delusion of the cheerful idiot! But bad as pride is, wicked and weak as it may be, it is infinitely preferable to pity.

So we have witnessed the coming of a new school of fiction, in which enthusiasm, humor and pathos are as old fashioned as the bustle and the hired mourner! We psycho-analyze our subjects in fiction under an anæsthetic; they don't writhe; blood indicates bad technique! And as for tears—

The Silent Tear which once glittered upon the pages of American fiction is going dry along with the rest of the country under some sort of a literary Volstead act. Probably the Mencken group was the dry league that closed our literary tear ducts. But whoever did it, the new books and plays of the new men who write of our national life are absolutely waterproof. Edgar Lee Masters harrows our hearts, but without even the use of the knife. It's dry surgery. Sherwood Anderson in Winesburg, Ohio, and in Poor White, gets away with every sort of cruelty and oppression to his heroes and performs every sort of literary malpractice upon his heroines. We observe the flinching of his cursed creatures with merely scientific interest. We even pin up, in the laboratory, the suppressed sex emanations of Scott Fitzgerald's kids without releasing a temperature. It is all impersonal—this grief and pain and passion of the fiction writers in our new dry era. Yet, somehow, a middle-aged mid-Victorian with natural emotions, who likes a good periodical souse, longs for the splash of the vanished tear, the cramp of the throat that is limp.

And here is a curious natural reaction: We are developing a group of literary bootleggers; obliging artists who slip the emotional hootch to us in queer packages. Take Zona Gale. Of course Miss Gale once distilled tears along with the rest of her elders. Her Friendship Village, of the first decade of the century, was as wet as Milwaukee. But in Birth, her book of two years ago, the dry movement was clearly in evidence; not a sparkling tear in four hundred beautiful crystalline pages. Then came Miss Gale's Miss Lulu Bett, which on the face of it would fool any Volstead agent. Even Mencken could smell nothing on Miss Lulu's virgin breath in the book. But it's there; glory be—it's surely there! The good old stuff is concealed in Miss Lulu Bett's calico skirt and the hussy is in New York, and in a theatre on Forty-Eighth Street amidst the smartest set of the Avenue smarties, peddling contraband, lachrymal fluid shamelessly in the play — even more shamelessly than it is dispensed in the Lulu Bett book. In the play the tears are all in the humor —a curious but convenient place to carry them. The comedy will break your heart as surely as the pathos in The Old Homestead or East Lynne. But Miss Gale goes blandly around in literary dry circles looking as innocent as a cat full of canary. And while Miss Gale has left the old tear mixers, she peddles a secret sorrow in Miss Lulu Bett, and winks the other eye to Edna Ferber and her former leaky pals with commendable joy. She is fooling the dry agents.

Possibly the younger crowd in our fiction will discover this violation of the new dry literary law and will get after Miss Gale and her kind; and then again possibly Miss Gale is finding a legitimate way around the law. Miss Willa Cather sneaked around the dry fiction law last year in My Antonia, which contained gallons of fine tasty tears in its pages, though the tears were dehydrated, and not immediately discernible as tears. She concealed her tears, not in her humor as Miss Gale conceals pathos in Lulu Bett's keenest comedy; but My Antonia carried her tear jug in her sex repressions, where no one would look for it.

Floyd Dell's Moon-Calf, which is bone dry, evidently is to be followed by a sequence story. Possibly The Bull, if that is to be its logical title, may find how to get around the law and we may have an American school of bootlegging fiction. In that day the dear old emotional booze fighters of the time when a silent social tear was no crime in our literature and our drama, may slip back into respectable company. In the meantime the old crowd will watch with mounting hopeful interest the shy adventure out of puritanical literalism and dry naturalism which Miss Lulu Bett is making into poignant comedy. If she runs the blockade—the law won't hold us. In another year we'll all go out on one big proud pathetic toot—and we'll drown Mencken and Van Wyck Brooks, Waldo Frank, and Nathan at the town pump.

These are probably vain hopes. We must not fool ourselves. The old order is passing; the new is well under way. The star of empire which once rested over Indianapolis and all points west, has been put back half a thousand miles and now illumines a shining area bounded on the east by the Brevoort, on the north by the Civic Club, on the west by Greenwich village and on the south by Anthony Comstock! Here the new Ebenezer has been raised! It will do no good to rail at the new dispensation, to hoot at "Nietzsche and Mencken and god" with a small "g." We only show our green eyes when we lift them in supplication to a providence that has been junked by our youngers and betters asking for the Restoration. So "gone are the days when our hearts were young and gay—"

"We who are about to die salute you!"

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

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The Labor Spy

IV

Weights and Measures

IN the espionage practice of a wise agency, these reports of the spy, such as the man of Racine made, never reach the eyes of the client. The agency chief prefers to extract what Mr. Sherman called "the substance and pith." This process obviously affords opportunity for coloration, both protective and dramatic. There was a spy once in the Nonpartisan League organization in Nebraska.* Among other facts concerning his activity, it was shown that his reports had all to be rewritten by his chief because "they contained so little stuff." It is interesting, in a few quotations from these letters of the agency to the client, to observe what added value the original has gained and how the original has been turned to meet the immediate requirements of the agency in terms of the client's psychology.

These quotations are, again, selected from the works of John Francis Sherman. They are excerpts from the exhibits submitted by the Sherman Service, Inc., in the injunction hearings in Philadelphia of something less than a year ago. The occasion has already met our attention: the injunction brought against Tobias Butler of the Butler Industrial Research Bureau by the Sherman Service Inc. And it is well for us to understand that, in this instance, we deal with the present phase of the Sherman enterprise, with the Sherman Service Inc., not with the defunct Sherman Detective Agency, with Mr. Sherman as harmonizer and conciliator, who aims "only to do good," not with Sherman, the industrial detective. This, in passing, is of interest, because one object with which the exhibits were submitted was that of illustrating to the court the difference between the present Sherman Service and the industrial detective sort of thing, a difference which seems to have been more clear to Mr. Sherman and to the Philadelphia court in which he won his case than it is to ourselves.

The hearings, for all the sensational material they produced, received practically no publicity. The situation in question in the exhibits is a strike in the plant of a Philadelphia clothing manufacturer. The plant has not since been unionized. The quotations follow with as little comment as need be.

The first begins with a canny recommendation for troubling the union.

> Upon visiting the hall early in the morning, very few strikers were found to be present. Of those who were there, the majority were gambling in a back room. Apparently this is once again becoming a practice and believe it might be well if you caused a police officer to visit that hall unexpectedly on any morning, prior to the meeting, presumably in citizen's clothes, and no doubt if evidence of this kind were obtained by the officer it would have tendency of discouraging any further meetings in the hall, and, as a matter of fact, they could be prevented from meeting there for the time being at least.

Then follows a practical touch of harmony:

> Arguments were advanced relative to the costliness of clothes, all of which has been brought about directly due to strikes that have been in effect not only in the textile industry, but also in the clothing industry, and they were assured of the fact that ninety per cent of the cost of clothing was directly due to the exorbitant cost of labor.
>
> Furthermore, the conditions that are at the present time prevalent in Europe, due to the Soviet form of government and the activities of the Socialists, Bolshevists, etc., have been emphatically brought to their attention for the purpose of endeavoring to convince them of the fact that a democratic form of government was the only one which proved successful and unless they fell into line and endeavored to bring about a normal state of conditions, there would be considerable hardship caused among the workers in this country.
>
> There have been many arguments brought to the attention of your workers, all of which were calculated to cause them to change their views entirely in your interest.

This is propaganda. For present purposes we are, so to speak, looking a gift horse in the teeth. We have to remember that the arguments in question were advanced by some such individual as observed conditions in the Racine plant, and to weigh the value of his argument in the light of that fact. The agency continues to report the radicalism of a speaker at the meeting.

> He made a statement to the effect that you were not civilized, due to the manner in which you had treated your employees in the past, and therefore the Amalgamated organization was going to cause you to become civilized and was going to show you the need of a real democracy in your plant, and that if they were not successful in their efforts in bringing this about, you would no doubt be confronted with a gathering of individuals that would be more radical than the Amalgamated Organization ever thought of being.
>
> This statement will plainly indicate to you the type of individuals that are at the head of this movement and we want to assure you at this time that everything possible is being done to discredit these radicals and to cause the rank and file to realize they are being misled and being led into dangerous ground unless they break away.

. . . .

*Exposed in the Nonpartisan Leader.

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He further went on to state that the police in Boston were far more humane than those in Philadelphia, for they had seen the necessity of organization and had actually organized, but had been discriminated against as a result.

Such statements as were made by this individual you can see are extremely radical, particularly in reference to the police strike in Boston. No time has been lost in counteracting the effect that might have been made on the minds of the workers by advising them it was the sentiments of the people that rule this country, and the fact that Governor Coolidge was again elected for another term after he had thrown the striking police officials out of their jobs and had elected others to their places, plainly indicated that the rank and file were in back of the Governor.

Very effective in the eyes of the client, but a more convincing bit of propaganda follows, in which the spy is shown in an attempt to create dissatisfaction with the amount of strike benefit paid to a woman striker.

This woman stated she could not continue to live on nine dollars a week, her dissatisfaction being brought about due to the fact that several of the single girls were receiving eleven dollars. These sentiments were encouraged and she was urged to put into practice the statement she had made.

Then another radical is encountered and the agency must admit failure.

A worker . . . was found to be extremely radical and upon being taken in hand expressed considerable disappointment over the outcome of the strike to date and efforts were made to cause him to return to his duties. Many arguments were tendered at the time calculated to bring this condition about. However, his radicalism got the upper hand of him and, although he expressed considerable disappointment, remarked he would continue this struggle until it was eventually called off.

It is the boast of detective agencies that much of their most successful propaganda work in strike time is accomplished by visits paid the families of the strikers. The spy assumes any disguise which is likely to admit him to the home. He may be a doctor, the sales agent of vacuum cleaners, an insurance man, a gas man. He tenders "constructive advice," which is to say "défaitisme." The demoralization of the striker is thus augmented by the opposition of his wife.

Constructive advice was tendered his family and the superior conditions at your plant were featured as well as the great consideration you have shown your workers up to date in matters pertaining to their welfare . . . She readily agreed that she had been misled and in the future she would let this occurrence serve as an example of what an organization would do for a worker.

She was assured in the majority of instances strikes held by any organization would not have the interest of the workers at heart, but were simply for the further development of the organization.

In one home the striker himself is encountered by the spy and the same sort of thing is offered him.

. . . He was assured conditions at your plant were becoming normal, and, as a matter of fact, that there was very little room for anyone else, and was advised he would never obtain an accurate statement from any of the leaders who, no doubt, would realize he was on the verge of going back to work and would try to cause him to hold out by telling him many lies for the purpose of impressing upon his mind that there was no one working at the plant, when, as a matter of fact, such was not the case.

He was urged to fully consider the situation and was reminded of the obligations that he owed towards his family and was assured he would be doing the right thing by seeking reinstatement without further delay . . .

The report on these visits closes with a paragraph which, despite discreet obscurity, reassures the client that the agency is doing its utmost on his behalf.

This communication will give you a good idea of what is going on at the present time and, although this letter does not fully cover the many constructive arguments that were advanced, you may rest assured that those we have featured on past communications are being daily brought to the attention of the workers, so that they might be caused to think over such advice that has been given them in order to attune their minds, so that they will break away once and for all time from the hold of the radical organization.*

Then our agitator is rebuked, and the agency claims that his activities have ceased.

. . . . has been inclined to be somewhat of an agitator and has questioned a number of the American girls relative to the wages they were receiving, and in the majority of cases he was politely advised to mind his own business by the individuals whom he questioned. He has been taken in hand and caused to refrain from activities of this kind, being reminded that he is only incurring the displeasure of his co-workers, which sooner or later might cause him considerable embarrassment.

The benefit fund appears again in the following. One of the most efficient activities of the spy in the union during a strike is to wreck the strike relief benefit fund, upon which, of course, the success of the strike so largely depends. If the spy cannot himself have access to the fund, his next policy is to spread discontent and cause the strikers to demand higher benefits than the union is able to pay.

*It may also be noted, in passing, that the detective's vocabulary is quick to catch the flavor of the times. During the war, it shouted the platitudes of patriotism. Since the war, "radical" has become its favorite adjective.

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He will frequently create the impression that the fund is dishonestly handled by the union officials.

> A worker who in the past has been a very rabid striker, has been at last caused to have a change of heart and when engaged in conversation on this day was quite profuse in his appreciation of the advice tendered him in the past, stating that, having followed on the general line of thought given him, he had demanded an increase in strike benefit and upon failing to obtain same on last Wednesday, he had returned to work at the plant, adding, to the best of his knowledge, there had been fourteen others who returned for the same reason.

Whereupon the agency proceeds to describe the other side of the benefit question. The spy in the union has, it would seem, been advising retrenchment in the payment of benefits, and the following passage exhibits the result of this advice.

> When the meeting was held in the morning, the greater part of the time was spent in the payment of strike benefits, there being but fifty-three persons who were paid benefits. *The policy of retrenchment, as per advice tendered,** was carried out to a great extent. It was noticed that none of the female strikers was paid any benefits. [One of these] was extremely put out over this fact and in company with seven other girls, left the hall highly indignant. Furthermore, any young boys who were present under the age of twenty-one were not given any benefits. This tended to further create dissatisfaction and friction and there were many threats made to the effect that an early return to work was to be expected. You may rest assured that these sentiments were fostered among the various individuals and many were caused to realize that the organization was fast weakening and that there could be no hope of future financial aid. Therefore, it behooved them to set about to call the strike off, and return to their former occupations.
>
> One of the individuals was refused a strike benefit, on the ground that he had not been present at the meetings on each and every day. He was accused of working elsewhere, which was an untruth, but nevertheless, this accusation had the desired effect, for instead of continuing to remain an active striker, in his indignation he started to call all the officials "crooks," and walked out of the hall quite angrily and proceeded in the general direction of the plant. Prior to his leaving, he was encouraged to go and seek reinstatement and this he promised to do.

So much will serve to draw the sketch of the detective agency at its work and in its attitude toward the client who must pay the bills.

Since the actual text of the spy's report is the actual return on the investment he represents, it behooves the intelligent employer to question weights and measures very coolly. The two groups of reports which have been here considered are really of exceptional quality, for they were chosen primarily to illustrate the methods of industrial spying. But an examination even of these will show only two things. On the part of the spy, an ability to record infinite unimportant detail. On the part of the agency, a keen instinct for telling the employer-client what, in the terms of the agency's business, he should most profitably be told.

Beyond this, evidently, the information indicates certain rather obvious trends of union opinion, gives assurance of the energy of the agency in its anti-strike propaganda, informs on the financial condition of the striking union, and furnishes the substance of the blacklist. Ethics and social expedience aside, a consideration of these reports in their proper aspect (as part of a substitute for real industrial relations between employer and employee) reveals them as singularly valueless.

You may search hundreds of pages of them without finding anything as significant as the passages quoted above. Here is an example of what one usually finds:

> Mr. Ernest: Local No. 300 was called to order at 8 p. m. The reading of the minutes were approved except one alteration.
>
> Conductor, inside sentinel and two trustees were absent.
>
> One member was reported on the sick list, his name was . . . . and he was not in need of assistance. There was thirty-four applications and twenty-one out of the number was from Allis.
>
> I could not get the names as they were read and same were turned over to business agent Wilson.
>
> No reports on committees on candidates.
>
> There were no candidates balloted on at this meeting.
>
> There was one initiation. No installation or election of officers.
>
> Brother Wilson reported on a scab that is in Houston, Texas, who was a member here. A trial committee was appointed to look up the case.
>
> The usual bills were allowed for the secretary. I could not get the amount of them, they were read off so fast.
>
> There was a communication from Minneapolis requesting the union men not to use some air hammers that are made where there is a strike on. I forgot the name of the firm.
>
> There was also two communications from the grand lodge on question of holding convention, etc., etc.

The quotation has a certain humor, the more when it is remembered that the man who wrote it was paid for the writing and that the labor policy of the employer who read it was, in some measure at least, governed by the information which it failed to furnish.

But this is not a report of unusual emptiness. A director of Kuppenheimer Bros., clothing manufacturers of Chicago, has spoken feelingly of the

*Italicized in setting.

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futility of espionage, complaining that, in the days when his firm utilized the industrial detective agencies, he had never known a spy's report to contain any information of value. He was "ashamed to show the things to the other directors." We have seen reports furnish the basis for statements made before Congress, reports which were founded on absolute inaccuracy, if not on deliberate lying. The instance of the confidential report made to the United States Steel Corporation on the Interchurch World investigators of the steel strike was notable. It contained scarcely a single fact which could have been substantiated. And the Steel Corporation acted directly upon its text. Lately a spy's report of the National Manufacturers' Association described the personal life and opinions of a certain orderly, if liberal, citizen of New York. Beyond a careful description of the apartment in which he lives, there was not a word of truth in it.

It is not here a question of ethics nor of the efficiency of espionage in destroying the labor union. It is a question, merely, of the common sense of substituting espionage for the direct relationship toward which industry must tend, of depending upon the fruits of espionage for the formulation of any labor policy. The testimony of the Kuppenheimer director is only reinforced by that of his fellows who have abandoned the substitute for the real thing.

One final use to which espionage is turned is propaganda by the employer. The following quotation is from one of a series of bulletins circulated by the mill operators of Passaic a year ago. They were printed in four languages to reach that polyglot working population. The evidences of espionage are too obvious to require comment.

Passaic, N. J., November 20, 1919.

THE TRUTH IS OUT AT LAST

At the A. T. W. of A. Convention in Paterson the financial report rendered showed that they have thirty-two locals with 18,000 members, who paid in over $26,000 from May to September 30, 1919.

BUT THERE WAS ONLY $645 LEFT IN THE TREASURY! FURTHERMORE, THE REPORT STATED THAT THESE TEXTILE LOCALS OWE THE AMALGAMATED CLOTHING WORKERS OF AMERICA $5,000.

During the same Convention it was said that Lawrence was fifty per cent organized and that all other locals were equally organized, except Passaic, which was admitted to be the worst of the lot, having only about ten per cent.

THIS PROVES THAT THE PASSAIC WORKERS HAVE COMMON SENSE.

In Lawrence there are about 30,000 mill workers, and if the A. T. W. of A. had half of them in the organization you can readily see that that local alone would have nearly the entire membership which they claim for the thirty-two locals.

Somebody evidently has a poor regard for figures, BUT FACTS AND FIGURES DO NOT LIE.

You remember hearing speakers claim that the A. T. W. of A. spent $107,000 in Lawrence. In the Paterson Convention it was officially reported that only $2,000 was spent in Lawrence and that only $4,000 was spent in connection with the Paterson strike.

What do you think of these figures and the speakers, who told you differently?

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU DO WITH DUES!

WORKERS INTELLIGENCE COMMITTEE.

Blacklists and false propaganda based upon misinformation fed to prejudice! Could anything be more stimulating to the self-respect of even an ordinarily sinful man than a reading of these reports and their appendices? Nothing, unless it be a contemplation of the manufacturing moron who pays for them and believes in them.

SIDNEY HOWARD.

(*To be continued.*)

The Struggle in North Dakota

WAR is raging again in North Dakota between the Nonpartisan Leaguers and the anti-Leaguers or Independents (the I. V. A's). This time it is more definitely than ever before an economic struggle. It started with renewed vigor last fall soon after the November election returns showed that one of the initiative measures put up by the Independents had carried. Since the legislature met in January both the heavy artillery and the aircraft—the bankers and politicians and the press—have been busy unceasingly.

This initiated measure, which the Leaguers say was but little considered and but poorly understood by the voters, permitted county and other local treasurers to deposit public funds in private banks, if they preferred, instead of only in the Bank of North Dakota. One of the laws passed two years ago, along with others establishing the State Industrial Commission, the Bank of North Dakota, and the state's various business and credit undertakings, had prescribed that all public moneys must be deposited in the state-owned Bank of North Dakota. These funds were used in part to finance the state industries and other projects, but most of them were redeposited in local private banks throughout the state, where they were most needed to meet local financial demands. They went especially to the smaller state banks having capital and surpluses too small to be admitted into the federal reserve system.

Thus the Bank of North Dakota was providing a sort of reserve service of its own to the weaker banks, perhaps all the more gladly because the ninth district federal reserve bank at Minneapolis has been under the accusation of discriminating against agricultural interests since U. S. Treasurer John Burke made charges against its governors

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half a dozen years ago. Incidentally, the Bank of North Dakota was cultivating friends among the smaller banks, since many of the larger banks in the federal system were not friendly.

This initiated bill, suddenly and unexpectedly becoming a law last November, at the time of the general landslide for Harding and against the League, resulted in the Bank of North Dakota's losing many of the deposits with which it had been carrying out its program. For out of fifty-one county treasurers in the state all but fourteen immediately demanded their funds. They were either hostile to the League program, including the bank which has been characterized as the very heart of that program, or they were tempted by favors that they expected from the private banks to which they wished to transfer the public's money. In an ordinary year the Bank of North Dakota might have met this staggering blow, but this has been one of the worst years for the farmers within the memory of the present generation. Prices of wheat and live stock have decreased to one-half or one-third or less of what they were during the war and the number of suicides among farmers due to financial ruin is shocking. One of the leading conservative farm experts of the northwest said the other day that the average farmer was about $2,000 poorer today than he was a year ago, in addition to having done a year's work for nothing and having lost his seed and fertilizer.

Most of the public funds, deposited with the Bank of North Dakota and redeposited with local banks, had been lent to the farmers. Consequently, for the Bank of North Dakota to meet the demands of the local treasurers, the Bank must call upon the local banks for its deposits with them and they, in turn, must call upon the farmers to pay up their loans. This they cannot or will not do. Hence the plight of the Bank of North Dakota, which is in danger of being rendered insolvent by the garnishments of the local treasurers.

To make the matter worse for the Bank of North Dakota, a hostile legislature—the lower house is controlled by the Independents—has started an investigation of the Bank intended to discredit it with the voters. The state senate, controlled by the League, has launched a counter investigation to prove its solvency and honest dealing. At this writing, nothing technically wrong with the Bank of North Dakota's business has been discovered. An auditing company was not able to find anything illegal in its reserves. Although fifty per cent of the private banks in the state are reported to be short in their required reserves and thirty-five of them, including the large Scandinavian-American Bank of Fargo, have closed their doors and nearly two hundred more are in peril of having to do so, the Bank of North Dakota still retains its legal reserve, at least on paper. Upon examination, it showed, against a legal requirement for reserve of $1,022,000, a cash balance of $46,700 and $1,087,000 of paper in transit for collection. In the form of loans and redeposits it has nearly $8,000,000; but this is only a paper asset of poor availability under present circumstances. How long a favorable technical showing can be kept up by the institution under these conditions no one can now say, but I find friends of the League quite apprehensive and enemies are saying that its failure is only a question of days.

The political battle in North Dakota is being waged between the two legislative bodies as described above and the various partisan politicians and the papers of the state. But there is an even more determined and significant economic contest going on, partly under cover, between the Bank of North Dakota and the state enterprises on the one hand and the private banking interests and private business on the other. The struggle crops out especially in connection with the attempt of the State Industrial Commission (now composed of League members) to float a new bond issue of approximately $6,000,000. (Bonds formerly issued but unsold aggregating $1,900,000 must also be disposed of.) This attempt to sell bonds has been going on with poor success for something like a year. Months ago it was reported that a group of Chicago financiers had agreed to take the bonds then issued, but suddenly, after the June primaries, which were somewhat unfavorable to the League prospects, this project was dropped by the financiers. The League papers said that the negotiations were broken off by the Chicago bankers at the command of Wall Street.

In the meantime, the Industrial Commission has gone on with its program, lending some $3,000,000 to the farmers through its farm loan associations and $250,000 through its home building associations. It has also incurred obligations to the amount of $1,000,000 in the construction of a state mill and terminal elevator and an experimental milling plant. These undertakings have been financed primarily by means of advances from the Bank of North Dakota. If the Industrial Commission could sell its bonds it would be able to relieve the pressure upon the Bank by paying off its indebtedness to it and by depositing its remaining funds to the extent of several millons of dollars with it and thus enable the Bank to meet the demands of the local treasurers which threaten to strangle it. The Commission could also go forward with its own program of construction and expansion without interruption. As it is, the program is now suspended and the Bank of North Dakota has, on one pretext or another, been refusing to honor drafts for public funds, in order to gain time in which to right its own position.

The economic warfare came to a head about the middle of February, when the Industrial Commission made another fruitless attempt to float their bonds on a large scale, this time through a group of Minneapolis and Chicago bankers. The reasons assigned by the bankers for the failure to bear fruit of the conference between the representatives of the Industrial Commission and the bankers are reported as follows: (1) doubts expressed by attorneys as to the validity of the bond issues, (2) the reputed fact that bonds already issued but unsold have been discredited in Chicago and New York markets by irresponsible dealers, (3) the expressed fear that the public would not buy the bonds so long as the present "socialistic" regime continues in North Dakota, (4) the intense bitterness between political factions in North Dakota, which would injure the public's faith in the bonds.

The bankers intimate that their decision not to handle the bonds is not final, provided the state's "socialistic" program can be dropped; but they disclaim any desire to dictate the political affairs of the state. The Leaguers, on the other hand, claim that the bankers tried to use their financial power to crush out industrial and financial competition by the state of North Dakota with private enterprise. A banking expert whom I asked for an opinion on this matter said he thought it was the usual attempt of the financier to drive a hard bargain when he had the opportunity.

Two sets of demands in regard to the League's industrial program are being made upon it by its opponents, as the price of extrication from the present difficulties. One is unconditional surrender, including the resignation of At-

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torney General William Lemke, whose generalship and popularity are much feared. The smaller fry politicians, who have suffered most from a dearth of office holding and who believe in the philosophy that sufficient unto the day are the rewards thereof, are the ones who advocate this program most strongly. The more generally accepted plan is to disintegrate the League program gradually through compromises. Already, in pursuance of this plan they have introduced bills into the legislature to the following effect: (1) a law which would make the maximum legal deposit of public funds with the Bank of North Dakota equal only to its combined capital and surplus. This would make impossible its present extensive functions as the financial right arm of the State Industrial Commission; (2) make the Industrial Commission appointive by the governor instead of elective by the people, as now; (3) limit the state's industrial program to the completion of the present home building undertakings and the building of the state mill and elevator now under construction, at a total outlay of $250,000 and $1,000,000 respectively. This would practically nullify the original industrial plans of the Leaguers; (4) reduce the functions of the Bank of North Dakota to those of a farm loan bureau of the state administration, under the direction of a commissioner who would receive an annual salary of $5,000; (5) abolish the Bank of North Dakota and deprive it of its name after the period of liquidation, transferring the farm business to a rural credits board. The reason given for this last measure, as reported in the anti-League press, is "to prevent A. C. Townley and Nonpartisan organizers [in other states] from telling of a state owned bank for propaganda in North Dakota."

The anti-League papers have reported for the last ten days a strong division in the ranks of the League leaders over the advisability of accepting these proposals, but the League papers are silent regarding such a struggle in their ranks, asserting that the closest harmony prevails. Mr. Townley is said by the opposition press to have espoused the acceptance of these measures as a means of saving a part of the League program, and especially of securing the loan for the Industrial Commission from the Minneapolis and Chicago bankers. Anti-League papers even claim that he promised the bankers to see that the compromises would go through the League caucus, if they would provide the funds, but they say that the bankers hesitated to agree until it was an accomplished fact in the legislature and the politicians had been satisfied. Of course, this may be propaganda against Townley before League members. It is also reported in the same papers that Townley's reputed compromise proposals were defeated in the League caucus in Bismarck by the "bitter-enders" (Lemke, Governor Frazier and Lieutenant Governor Wood), who hold that to surrender so much would be equivalent in the end to surrendering everything, with the added disadvantage of having the failure of the League program attributed to its inherent weakness rather than to the enmity of the Independents. They say that the Independents must take squarely upon themselves the responsibility of smashing the Bank of North Dakota and the Industrial Program and go before the people with that achievement to their credit, if it is to be accomplished at all. The Independents, on the other hand, are threatening loudly that, unless the governor and the senate concur in their legislation, they will bring a recall election against Governor Frazier, Attorney General Lemke and the two judges of the Supreme Court who are Leaguers.

This threat of a recall election is probably only a bluff, for neither side is certain as to how a majority of the votes would go. The people are being fed up on propaganda by both sides. The Independents are making capital of the Bank of North Dakota's financial difficulties, attempting to convince the people that there has been malfeasance and insolvency. They also accuse it of having "frozen up" the credit of the state by its policy of redeposits. They put forth broadsides of propaganda about the "socialistic" character and wastefulness of the industrial program.

The Leaguers counter by claiming that the Independents, in their mad desire to wreck the state industrial and credits program, are willing to ruin the small banks and ultimately the large ones, and plunge the whole state into business anarchy. Some such result does seem to impend if the Bank of North Dakota is pushed to the wall, for if it is forced to compel the return of its loans and redeposits, hundreds of banks will close their doors and thousands of farmers and business men will be ruined. The Leaguers are also saying that their industrial program is not "socialistic," but highly capitalistic, being merely an attempt to right longstanding economic abuses. They lay the blame for the present plight of the Bank of North Dakota and the Industrial Commission at the doors of the larger banks, the Minneapolis millers and elevator men, and private capitalists in general, who, they say, are determined to kill off through any means available this most promising attempt of state enterprise to serve the people.

This is where the matter rests at the present moment. The League papers say that the financial interests, fearing the wrath of the people, have called a halt upon the Independents in the legislature. The Independents assert their intention of retaliating with the recall. There is great bitterness everywhere. One reads it in the papers, hears it on the street cars, and is bombarded by it at all sorts of gatherings. Neither side seems at all certain of the outcome.

Today I heard a North Dakota business man say that if the government of his state could be restored to normal conditions and if the set of vagabonds [his expression] collected from all over the country by the present administration could be sent out of the state, it would be worth the $10,000,000 which the lesson would cost the people. He evidently had in mind the abandonment of the whole program. A Leaguer of the same state said that his party lacked sufficient publicity means, but that he thought the people were becoming disgusted with the obvious political shystering and subservience to the banking and grain interests carried on by the legislative crowd. For the present one may take his choice. The next few weeks will probably definitely settle the conflict, and the fate of the League's program, one way or the other.

C. R. JOHNSON.

Jailbirds

Beat at the bars.
Cry out your cry of want.
Let yourself out if you can.
Find the sea, find the moon, if you can.
Shut the windows, open the doors.
There are no windows, are no doors?
There is no sea, is no moon?
Cry your cry, let yourself out if you can.

CARL SANDBURG.

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CORRESPONDENCE

In San Quentin Penitentary

SIR: It is easy for us who are enjoying our liberty to "forget them that are in bonds"—but this is a time when it is a high civic duty to keep in our minds—and in the mind of the public—the fact that a large number of men are being held as criminals on account of actions not only in violation of no just law, but of primary civic value.

There are at least twelve men in the penitentiary at San Quentin, California, against whom the only *charges* were membership in a certain industrial labor organization and possession or circulation of its literature. That the Criminal Syndicalism law makes it possible thus to penalize membership in a labor union, is just as surely a blow at the very life of the republic, as the Dred Scott decision was in its time. No government is ever secure—or ought to be—except in the measure of the clear and convincing justice of its deeds.

The New Republic will perform a civic duty consonant with its prophetic name, if it will remind the people of California of certain plain facts which just now are an impeachment of its entire governmental machinery and a menace to the very existence of law and order.

1. The confession of Draper Hand, of the San Francisco police force, that he was used in "framing" Tom Mooney and Warren K. Billings, the admission of the prosecuting attorney in the Billings case that he deliberately—and habitually—suppressed evidence favorable to the accused and that *even then he would have voted for the acquittal of the man he succeeded in sending to prison for life,* had he been on the jury, and now the confession of McDonald that he too was a tool in the frameup,—this all points to the fact that California courts of justice have robbed two innocent men of four years of their life and branded them as criminals.

2. But, by its "Criminal Syndicalism" law and the trials conducted under it, California is making faith in legal justice utterly impossible. More than a dozen men are in San Quentin penitentiary under sentence of from one to fourteen years, against whom the only *charge* was membership in the I. W. W. or the Communist Labor party, or possession or circulation of the literature of these organizations. The trials of these men were marked by incidents which made them utterly farcical. Jurors admitted prejudice, and yet were retained against the protest of defense counsel. And evidence in behalf of the accused was refused. All the hysteria of a war-mad period was invoked by the prosecution against these men.

They had as little chance of a fair trial as an abolitionist would have had in the south seventy-five years ago before a jury of rabid slave-owners.

These men have no redress. Their only chance even of publicity lies with the liberal and radical press. The daily press of the State of California and the whole nation—with pitifully few exceptions—is utterly indifferent to their fate.

WILLIAM THURSTON BROWN.

San Francisco, California.

Safeguarding Maternity

SIR: Your issue of January 26th carries a very important and interesting article entitled On Safeguarding Maternity by Louis I. Dublin. Concerning the colored people of the South, Mr. Dublin says:

"Much of the work therefore falls to midwives and, in some parts of the country, as in the South, and especially among the colored people, midwifery is often in the hands of ignorant old women who are utterly untrained in the difficult requirements of modern obstetrical service."

It occurs to me that, perhaps, your readers would be interested to know something of the work which Tuskegee Institute is doing for the midwives of Alabama. During the meeting of the Alabama State Legislature of 1918 a law was passed requiring all midwives in the state to pass an elementary examination and register under the State Board of Health. Many of these women were unable to qualify. To meet this situation it was decided to institute a four weeks course of intensive training in midwifery at the John A. Andrews Hospital of Tuskegee Institute for the purpose of preparing these people to meet the requirements. Nearly fifty took advantage of the opportunity and came to the Institute. It was interesting to see these women, some in their seventies, and many of whom never attended school a day in their lives, coming back and forth daily for their instruction. They were very enthusiastic over the work given them. Forty-three remained throughout the course and received certificates, recommending them for registration. We have since learned that nearly all of them registered and received their certificates to practice.

In this course special stress was laid upon the matter of cleanliness for themselves and their patients. Whole periods were devoted to showing them how to wash their hands and care for the utensils in connection with their practice. Not only were they given lectures but assigned in groups to different advanced nurses to go about the hospital from day to day learning how to do things properly—how to prepare foods, to make beds, to give baths and to give simple treatments, such as they would be expected to give in their work. In this way the hospital was able in an unusual manner to reach a number of persons who could not have been reached by any other means. These courses are being continued once each year.

JOHN A. KENNEDY, M.D.
Director, John A. Andrew Memorial Hospital.
Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.

Whose Flag Is It?

SIR: Your amusing comment upon Mr. Sherman's Atlantic Monthly paper suggests a number of pertinent questions. If the American who has been here three hundred years is alien and must not be "permitted" to speak for America, then, to be sure, your actual alien is your true American. But how many years can he remain here before this insidious thing, this "unsocial" attitude you discern in men like Mr. Sherman, destroys his Americanism? Apparently not very long, and certainly not as long as three hundred years; and we may yet tremble for the Spingarns, the Dreisers and the Lewisohns, whose precious quality is thus endangered!

We unfortunate Puritans, bourgeois, as you say, and therefore "unsocial,"—although I believe that the Dutch and the Quakers, and indeed all the pioneers and colonizers of history were bourgeois,—should bow our heads and humbly accept the flag borne to us from over the seas in these sacred hands, trusting that it has not been contaminated by even the superficial necessary contact with our institutions that a few months, or a few years must effect. We should even sit at the feet of these men and learn to despise a Franklin and a Lincoln, for I suspect these two would have owned to a "Puritanism" not unlike Mr. Sherman's, which, as he defined it, is not a matter of race or nation, but the simple faith of a man who "believes it possible to distinguish between good and evil, and who also believes that, having made the distinction, his welfare depends upon furthering the one and curbing the other."

This is the real snag for you, isn't it? Not the "unsocial" attitude of Mr. Sherman, which exists only in your own mind, but his faith in the "profound moral idealism" of America. You emancipated souls do not like the sound of the word "moral." If you believed in it, it might curb your glorious freedom, and so you not only disbelieve it, but deny that it exists for anyone, least of all for America. Yet, in spite of you all, there are still a large number of benighted souls in America and elsewhere who contend that moral law will advance mankind considerably further in the scale of evolution than the deification of human entrails could ever advance him.

When all is said, the words of your own mouths convict you of being individualists if nothing more. You care nothing for society. The finger of human experience has written nothing on the wall for you to read. You cannot see that moral idealism is merely material expediency—with a soul. And so, fortunately, it would be impossible for you to interpret America for us, for it is only yourselves and your own private interests that you ever express.

Boston, Massachusetts. E. W. GOULD.

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VERSE

All Souls' Night

I.

It is All Souls' night and the great Christ Church bell
And many a lesser bell, sound through the room
For it is now midnight;
And two long glasses brimmed with muscatel
Bubble upon the table. A ghost may come,
For it is a ghost's right,
His element is so fine
Being sharpened by his death,
To drink from the wine-breath
While our gross palates drink from the whole wine.

II.

I need some mind, that if the cannon sound
From every quarter of the world, can stay
Wound in minds pondering,
As mummies in the mummy cloth are wound;
Because I have a marvellous thing to say,
A certain marvellous thing
None but the living mock,
Though not for sober ear;
It may be all that hear
Should laugh and weep an hour upon the clock.

III.

H . . . . .'s the first I call. He loved strange thought
And knew that sweet extremity of pride
That's called platonic love,
And that to such a pitch of passion wrought
Nothing could bring him, when his lady died,
Anodyne for his love.
Words were but wasted breath;
One dear hope had he:
The inclemency
Of that or the next winter would be death.

IV.

Two thoughts were so mixed up I could not tell
Whether of her or God he thought the most,
But think that his mind's eye,
When upward turned on one soul image fell,
And that a slight companionable ghost,
Wild with divinity,
Had so lit up the whole
Immense miraculous house,
The Bible promised us,
It seemed a gold-fish swimming in a bowl.

V.

On Florence Emery I call the next,
Who finding the first wrinkles on a face
Admired and beautiful,
And knowing that the future would be vexed
With 'minished beauty, multiplied commonplace,
Preferred to teach a school,
Away from neighbor or friend
Among dark skins, and there
Permit foul years to wear
Hidden from eyesight to the unnoticed end.

VI.

Before that end much had she ravelled out
From a discourse in figurative speech
By some learned Indian
On the soul's journey. How it is whirled about
Wherever the orbit of the moon can reach,
Until it plunge into the sun;
And there free and yet fast,
Being both Chance and Choice,
Forget its broken toys
And sink into its own delight at last.

VII.

And I call up MacGregor from the grave
For in my first hard springtime we were friends
Although of late estranged,
I thought him half a lunatic, half knave
And told him so; but friendship never ends;
And what if mind seemed changed
And it seem changed with the mind,
When thoughts rise up unbid
On generous things that he did
And I grow half contented to be blind.

VIII.

He had much industry at setting out,
Much boisterous courage, before loneliness
Had driven him crazed;
For meditations upon unknown thought
Make human intercourse grow less and less;
They are neither paid or praised.
But he'd object to the host,
The glass because my glass;
A ghost-lover he was
And may have grown more arrogant being a ghost.

IX.

But names are nothing. I care not who it be.
So that his elements have grown so fine
The fume of muscatel
Give to his sharpened palate ecstacy
No living man can drink from the whole wine
I have mummy truths to tell
Whereat the living mock,
Though not for sober ear
For maybe all that hear
Should laugh and weep an hour upon the clock.

X.

Such thought—such thought have I that hold it tight
Till meditation master all its parts,
Nothing can stay my glance
Until that glance run in the world's despite
To where the damned have howled away their hearts
And where the blessed dance;
Such thought, that in it bound
I need no other thing
Wound in mind's wandering
As mummies in the mummy cloth are wound.

W. B. YEATS.

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After the Play

THE chief responsibility for the failure of Mr. Arthur Hopkins's production of Macbeth must rest, not upon the scenery of Mr. Robert Edmond Jones, but upon the unwise selection of the principal actors. Mr. Lionel Barrymore, in the first place, was a most unfortunate Macbeth. If the play is to be anything other than a conventional Elizabethan melodrama of butcheries and apparitions, it must be through the presentation of Macbeth, not as a commonplace murderer and barbarian, but as a man of originally decent instincts and rather exceptional sensibility, who is weak enough to become involved in crimes which his conscience and nerves cannot stand. He must, in short, be a sympathetic character; if the audience do not like and pity him, they can scarcely be much moved by the play.

But the Macbeth of Mr. Lionel Barrymore is anything but a sympathetic character; it is perhaps not too much to say that, as soon as the audience have had a glimpse of him, they find themselves unanimously against him. Instead of a valiant and respected chieftain, presumably at least as presentable as Macduff, they behold a glaring and uncouth lout, a hideous combination of Caliban and the Ogre Blunderbore, who would seem much more probable as the First Murderer than as the reputable Thane of Glamis. The Macbeth of Shakespeare is surely intended for a man a little like Hamlet, a man more sensitive than his fellows; instead of the most brutal of the chieftains, he should surely be the most finely organized; the other chieftains might never have committed the crimes of Macbeth, but then they never would have felt about them as Macbeth did; they would certainly have been incapable of the scepticism at which Macbeth finally arrives.

But in Mr. Barrymore's Macbeth there is no gleam of conscience or intelligence, no trace of the Macbeth of whom it is said that he is "too full o' the milk of human kindness to catch the nearest way" and who protests against the murder of Duncan on the ground that it would be dishonorable. Mr. Barrymore's Macbeth is always either a villain or a fool. Most of the time—even in the fine reflective passages beginning "Duncan is dead. After life's fitful fever he sleeps well" and "To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow"—he is a sneering and ferocious scoundrel; but occasionally he creates an even more grisly effect by transforming himself into a sort of super-half-wit, who stares and gapes with extravagant idiocy at what he has been led to do. He has no dignity as a human figure; he is too gross to speak beautiful lines beautifully; when the news is brought him that Lady Macbeth is dead, there is no sorrow in his "She should have died hereafter: There would have been a time for such a word," and he then proceeds impossibly, without a moment for reflection, to "To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow", which he delivers with no final bitter realization of the emptiness and aimlessness of life, but as if he were denouncing somebody for something, with tremendous blustering emphasis on "fools" and "nothing", not as if they were terms in which he was included, but as if they were hard names for his enemies.

It would seem to be a bad plan to entrust Mr. Barrymore with characters of much subtlety or complexity. He is generally thought to have done a very effective thing as the lawyer in Brieux's La Robe Rouge (The Letter of the Law) and so he did; but it was not the character that Brieux wrote. "Vous avez fait semblant d'être bon . . . . Vous parliez avec douceur!" says the peasant woman to Mouzon, when he has tricked her into betraying her husband (there is a similar line in the English version), but, when Mr. Barrymore impersonated Mouzon, it was perfectly evident to all the world that he had never for a moment had the appearance of being either good or gentle. He had browbeaten the woman so grossly from beginning to end of the interview that not even the stupidest peasant could have been deceived about his kindness of heart. The point of Brieux's scene is that Mouzon is an affable gentleman badgering a poor woman to death; in Mr. Barrymore's hands, he takes on the manner of a Regular Army officer calling down a careless soldier who has neglected to button his coat.

But to return to Shakespeare,—if Mr. Barrymore made Macbeth far too much of a villain, Miss Julia Arthur failed to make Lady Macbeth half enough of one. She had no fierceness, no intensity, no hardness. It was absolutely impossible to think of her as committing any crime whatever. She was the perfect type of Christian womanhood, upright, gentle and pure, whose heart was broken by the murder of the King as soon as it had been committed. Her misunderstanding of her part was almost worse than Mr. Barrymore's. Instead of trying to keep Macbeth's morale up, as the text plainly indicates she should, she gives the impression of being even more demoralized than her still frantically grinning husband. She sighs and sobs and grows lachrymose. A dreadful murder has occurred! Or is she worried about the servants?—Take for example the scene, just before the murder of Banquo, in which Lady Macbeth begins by musing sorrowfully:

> Nought's had, all's spent,
> When our desire is got without content:
> 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
> Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

and then, as soon as Macbeth comes in, changes to brisk matter-of factness:

> How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
> Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
> Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died
> With them they think on? Things without all remedy
> Should be without regard: what's done is done.

When Miss Arthur performs this scene, she makes no change of tone at all; she proceeds with the same voice of sad reproach,—a voice admirably calculated to rob her husband of the last vestiges of his courage. Her "what's done is done" is not a piece of cruel practicality, but a remorseful melancholy wail. In fact, she makes nonsense of the lines.—And even in the sleep-walking scene, where she is perhaps more convincing than elsewhere, Miss Arthur has none of the feverish fierceness which the text seems to demand. There is no nervous persistency about her hand-washing; it is the calmest thing imaginable, a hand-washing so smoothly conventionalized that it is impossible to consider it for a moment as an attempt to rub out a spot.

If the scenes between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth were presented in a moving picture film, without explanation, you would say that the situation in question had to do with an aggrieved American wife, of conscience as clear as water and unexceptionally conventional habits, denouncing an oafish drunken husband, who, with leers and lurching ges-

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tures, tries to defend himself with fatuous jokes and thick-witted excuses.

Nor are the other actors very good. The minor rôles were particularly inept. The Porter is played by Mr. Frank Sylvester as a sort of musical comedy hayseed; the Old Man of Mr. Arthur Shrubb conveys not the impression of a genuine old man leaning dodderingly on a staff but of a strong-voiced vigorous young fellow shaking a stick for all he is worth; and Miss Helen Chandler, as the son of Macduff, is obviously far too young for the clever and intelligent lines that Shakespeare gives the character.

There remains now to speak of the scenery which has provoked so much mirth and anger. Some of it, to be sure, is excellent: one does get from the great black back-drop an impression of spaciousness and grandeur, an effect of tragic events taking place against a background of infinity; and the blue costumes and silver curtain of the intermediate scenes are extraordinarily beautiful; but it seems to me that Mr. Jones has made many mistakes in his experiments with abstract form. Instead of the castle of Macbeth, he presents us with a set of enormous white spikes balanced insecurely on their points at one side of the stage. The spaces between these spikes are shaped rather like Gothic arches and the characters walk through them when entering the castle or going from one room to another. This does not, however, suggest a castle; it suggests something a child has cut out of paper; and the effect on the spectator is singularly irritating—first, because the same contrivance serves for both the interior and the exterior and one is in a continual state of confusion as to whether one is supposed to be inside or out and, second, because the narrow arches stand so little higher than the characters that they tend greatly to interfere with the dignity and seriousness of the scene. How can you have a titanic tragedy with a paste-board toy lying around?

One feels that Mr. Jones has brooded too long on Macbeth; he has become unable to see the simple things it obviously requires; or in scorning and attempting to avoid its obvious dramatic effects, he has invented effects which, though certainly inobvious, are equally undramatic. Does not this tragedy of a crude civilization demand great simple heavy arches and pillars, enormous halls, dimly lighted and impressive with a primitive barrenness? Mr. Jones has brought down the castle till it is hardly high enough to hold the inhabitants.

In the witch scenes, it would certainly appear that the lines call for some sort of Gothic grotesquery; but Mr. Jones has made his witches all very simple and they have been allowed to talk all just alike and always on one note; and, instead of a cave, on their second appearance, they have a kind of tent-like cocoon, in which they themselves are invisible, but which is lighted up redly from within, like a Fourth-of-July paper balloon. Nobody could ever knock on its side, as Macbeth is supposed to do at the cave.

But perhaps the very worst example of a dramatic effect ruined by pedantry is the treatment of the knocking at the door. It would seem that the thrill of this rude intrusion of the business of outside world upon the silence that follows the murder and the breathless whispering of the conspirators is so easy that it would be the one thing sure to survive any performance. But, at the Apollo, by dint of much ingenuity, it is made to fall completely flat. In the first place, the conversation is not whispered and guilty but loud enough to wake the whole castle. And, in the second place, the sound is represented first, not as an authentic knocking at the door, but by an attempt to render its startling effect upon the tight-strung nerves of the murderers; that is, one hears, not the knocking, but a sort of jangling rasp in the orchestra, and it is only the third time the interruption occurs that one hears a far-off muffled pounding, instead of the loud insistent banging which should shock the nerves of the audience.

Of the other effects, the truncated snow-shoes which stand about during Lady Macbeth's sleep-walking are completely unidentifiable as windows, and the crooked panel behind the throne is too queer to contribute quietly to a general effect. This is really the trouble with Mr. Jones's eccentricities: they attract too much attention by themselves to melt successfully into an atmosphere.—The great masks in the witch scenes are admirable; they should be hung outside the theatre.

Yet, for all I have said, the production was in many respects a valuable one. It constitutes an important step in the great work of rescuing Shakespeare from the old-fashioned stock company, of imagining the whole thing anew, without reference to Garrick or Mantell. In spite of the pasteboard castle, there are moments of real magic, —as when the witches turn their backs and glide away into the mist, while Macbeth is still questioning them. If the production had no other merit, it would be a monument to Mr. Arthur Hopkins's courage and to the new and promising spirit of experiment in the American theatre. It would be silly to laugh at the whole attempt, as most of the newspapers have done; in spite of its misconceptions, it is probably, for the imagination and intelligence which have gone into it, one of the most interesting productions of the year.

EDMUND WILSON, JR.

A Brook in the City

The farm house lingers, though averse to square
With the new city street it has to wear
A number in. But what about the brook
That held the house as in an elbow-crook?
I ask as one who knew the brook, its strength
And impulse, having dipped a finger length
And made it leap my knuckle, having tossed
A flower to try its currents where they crossed.
The meadow grass could be cemented down
From growing under pavements of a town;
The apple trees be sent to hearth-stone flame.
Is water wood to serve a brook the same?
How else dispose of an immortal force
No longer needed? Staunch it at its source
With cinder loads dumped down? The brook was thrown
Deep in a sewer dungeon under stone
In fetid darkness still to live and run—
And all for nothing it had ever done
Except forget to go in fear perhaps.
No one would know except for ancient maps
That such a brook ran water. But I wonder
If from its being kept forever under
These thoughts may not have risen that so keep
This new-built city from both work and sleep.

ROBERT FROST.

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Keats After a Hundred Years

ON February the twenty-third, 1821, there was little to give Joseph Severn any confidence that Time would ever reverse the sentence which his friend the Young English Poet, newly dead, had desired in the bitterness of his heart should be inscribed above his grave. Yet Severn lived to see the name of John Keats "numbered among the Immortal Poets of England" and before his own death he loyally, though ill-advisedly, suggested that the anonymous "unseemly stone" be replaced by one bearing the poet's name. This project, broached to C. W. Dilke and Monckton Milnes, was fortunately not carried out and the original stone remains to this day in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome, the goal of many pilgrim feet.

The reversal of the judgment pronounced by The Quarterly Review and in even more scurrilous fashion by Blackwood's was not the work of a moment. Unwittingly, by giving currency to the rumor that "the malicious power of his enemies"—the Reviewers—had crushed out his friend's young life, Severn aided in establishing the tradition of the sentimental and mawkish "Cockney Poet" which for long stood in the way of a just estimate of the genius of Keats. The charge against Lockhart was taken up with flaming indignation, in which the natural compassion of a fellow-sufferer found voice, in the tremendous thirty-seventh stanza of Adonais; and presently Byron followed Shelley in the repetition of this accusation, a certain not altogether customary sympathy hiding behind the apparent flippancy of the oft-quoted passage in Don Juan.

The spectre of the weak and whining poet, thus raised, was not soon laid; and that the righteous work was finally accomplished was due chiefly to the talent and discrimination of Keats's first biographer, Lord Houghton; to the dispassionate analysis of the two sides of the poet's character made by Matthew Arnold; and to Swinburne's scornful repudiation of the notion that the soul of such a man could let itself be "snuffed out" by the professional ribaldry of "unwashed malignants." Even so, the publication of the Letters to Fanny Brawne might have evoked again the piteous ghost; but by that time (1889) the fact of the essential manliness of John Keats had been proved beyond contradiction and the more lamentable of the letters were regarded quite properly as of interest to the pathologist rather than to the critic of high and serious poetry.

But this unhappy tradition was but one contributary hindrance to the growth of the poet's fame. His name, so far as it was known at all, was linked with the names of Leigh Hunt and of John Hamilton Reynolds, worthy men one of whom was endowed with genius of a sort, yet men whose writings afforded some sort of justification for the lampoons of William Maginn and others such as he. The associations suggested by the epithet "Cockney School" had to be broken down before Keats's authentic genius could become apparent. Moreover he died just as Byron, rising above a temporary decline in popularity, entered upon his last phase, the phase that culminated in the heroic death that moved all Europe. During the remaining eighteen-twenties the thronging Lives and Tributes and Estimates consecrated to the "Noble Poet"; the gossip circulating about the destruction of his Memoirs; the controversy over the proposed monument at Westminster; the growing interest in the forthcoming official Life by Thomas Moore; and at length the resultant dispute with Lady Byron over certain statements in Moore's book—these and other incidents of the first years of Byron's posthumous renown centred attention still upon him and kept memories of Keats and Shelley within a narrow circle of friends and followers.

And yet there were signs of a change in taste that revolted from the silly extremes of "Byronism" perpetrated by Byron's imitators. And there was a hesitating undirected quest of a more exquisite and subtle art than Byron had been capable of. By the middle eighteen-thirties people were believing that the feet of this gigantic idol of the regency were made of clay; Carlyle, Macaulay, Sir Henry Taylor, Landor, the brothers Hare, and other critics and guides, each in his own way and working within his own circle of influence, had helped to undermine Byron's reputation.

At the middle of the century Landor demands that "Byron piping-hot" be left in the rear:

> Along the coast prevail malignant heats,
> Halt on high ground behind the shade of Keats.

The way had been made clear for "the inheritors of unfulfilled renown."

Shelley's fame spread more rapidly than did that of his fellow-poet. His gentle birth, his notorious life, his tragic death, his relative disassociation with the "Cockney School," and the piety of such friends as Peacock and Hogg nourished his reputation. Soon we find young poets like Beddoes echoing his lyric cadences, and a little later Browning does homage to the "Sun-treader." In The Athenaeum for March 25, 1829, one can find some forgotten lines on The Protestant Burial Ground at Rome in which the writer, after paying tribute to the "young bard, whose lay was of Endymion," turns to one "mightier far, spirit of light and love, Shelley." It is significant, however, that when in the course of a Memoir of Shelley published in the same journal in 1830 an attack is launched against "the sickly affectation" of the "perverse and limited school" of Keats, an editorial foot-note of reproof is subjoined. Two years later The Athenaeum published an "elegy on the Death of John Keats" by B. W. Procter ("Barry Cornwall").

A curious example of the way the special prestige of Shelley grew side by side with the direct influence that was to dominate the poetry of Victorian times is found in the youthful Bayard Taylor's Ode to Shelley. The American's praise of the author of To a Skylark finds expression in stanzas modelled closely after the Ode to a Nightingale.

There were of course those, mainly of the older generation, who refused to recognize the rising of these new stars. Sir Sidney Colvin is incorrect in assigning to so late a date as 1844 Richard Jeffrey's quaintly perverse and almost lyrical farewell to the romantic poets, in which he numbers "the rich melodies of Keats and Shelley" along with "the splendid strains of Moore" and "the blazing star of Byron" among the half-forgotten things of yesterday. That curious and oft cited passage belongs to 1829. But another and greater critic, Thomas De Quincey, though afterwards he brought himself to make a belated recantation, was guilty so late as 1845 of a denunciation of Keats for "trampling upon this mother tongue, this English language, as with the hoofs of a Buffalo." This is indeed a strange accusation.

About the same time, the rival claims of various contestants for the task having been adjusted, consultations were

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in progress which in 1848 resulted in Monckton Milnes's two-volume biography of the poet. The time was ripe for this undertaking. In the case of Keats's verse there had been no such private inhibition as that imposed by Sir Timmothy Shelley against the republication of his son's writings: and yet the three little volumes of 1817, 1818, and 1820 served to supply such demand as existed for twenty years.

It was not till 1840 that a collected edition of his poems appeared in England. An American edition had preceded the English one by six years. It is well to remember this when England prides herself upon her early appreciation of Walt Whitman. But by 1847 the young poets and painters who were soon to be banded together as the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood were reading their Keats. In that year Holman Hunt sent to the Royal Academy a picture which has been inspired by Keats's The Eve of Saint Agnes.

A little later Rossetti was urging Morris to become a painter on the ground that Keats had exhausted the possibilities of poetry. The seed cast by Monckton Milnes, himself one of the Cambridge admirers of Keats and Shelley in the eighteen-thirties, fell on ground prepared to receive it. It was about this time, also, that Tennyson was emerging from his long struggle for recognition and was assuming his place as the foremost living poet. The evidences of his discipleship to Keats could not be ignored, and it may be said that 1850, the year of Wordsworth's death and of Tennyson's accession to the laureateship, marks also the permanent establishment of Keats's fame.

With the later ever-broadening developments of that renown—a progress whose milestones are the editions of the Poetical Works by W. M. Rossetti, by Forman, by Colvin, by Ellis, by De Selincourt, and by Lampson; the several partial or complete collections of his letters; the various and varying estimates by Arnold and Swinburne and W. M. Rossetti and Herford and more other critics than can be set down; the foundation of the Keats-Shelley Memorial Association with its sacred trust of the house in which the poet died; and the monumental Life by Sir Sidney Colvin—with these and other evidences of that splendid prestige it is not necessary to deal here.

Nor need one rehearse once more the multitudinous proofs of Keats's predominant influence upon Victorian verse, an influence without serious rival despite the independence of Browning (who, however, praised Keats in memorable fashion) and despite the Shelley-worship of Swinburne (who, however, turned to Keats for guidance in the most appealing of all his poems, the Vision of Spring in Winter.)

Signs of that influence are on every hand: in the poetry of Marston and Payne and De Tabley and Wilde and Phillips and Thompson and Watson, not to mention earlier and more obvious names. On the continent his fame has never approached that of Byron; in England and America it gives him the right to be reverenced not only by virtue of his own achievement but because he is the Master and Exemplar of the Victorians.

To attempt a new "appreciation" of that achievement and another analysis of the qualities of his genius, after those problems have exercised so many better wits than mine, would be presumptuous. Nous devrions pourtant lui porter quelques fleurs. This centennial tribute has, therefore, taken the form of a sketch of the unfolding of his renown.

SAMUEL C. CHEW.

The New Unionism

The New Unionism, by J. M. Budish and George Soule. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

THE New Unionism is not, as its title might suggest, a controversial essay on trade union theory. It is not a propagandistic tract. It is a competent and scholarly objective analysis of the structure of self-government evolved by the workers in one of the greatest of our American industries. It is more than that. The authors go behind the structure to the racial and temperamental characteristics of a people to whom self-government is a vital necessity. They reveal the new unionism as the evolutionary product of a highly intelligent and liberty-loving people rising against the pressure of a gigantic economic and industrial machine.

Just as trade and commerce transformed the institutions of feudalism into the constitutions of self-governing political commonwealths, so machine industry is transforming the structure of government today. Just as the typical American spirit a hundred years ago sought freedom through the democratic control of trade and commerce by the enfranchised citizen of the commonwealth, so that same spirit is seeking a larger measure of freedom today by extending the scope of democratic control to industry through the workshop. The present volume is essentially a study of the traditional American spirit operating upon and through the workers in the needle trades.

This interpretation of the growth of the needle trades unions, whose membership is predominantly both foreign-born and Jewish, will strike superficial observers,—especially those who have been influenced by the current anti-union, open shop "American plan" propaganda,—as novel, possibly fantastic. But it is not the interpretation of the authors of the New Unionism alone. One of the most powerful of these unions, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, has been hailed before the Supreme Court of New York County by enemies who demand its dissolution on the ground that it is radical, subversive, un-American. Among its defenders are such men as Professor Henry R. Seager of Columbia University and Mr. Allen T. Burns, Director of the Study of Methods of Americanization of the Carnegie Corporation. In his sworn affidavit, Professor Seager says that "considering the valuable service which the Amalgamated Clothing Workers has already rendered toward a better organization of the American clothing industry . . . . I should regard the dissolution of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers as a public misfortune." And Mr. Burns, who is preeminently qualified to recognize the American spirit when he sees it, declares his conviction that "In insisting on the continuation of democratic government in industry the Amalgamated Clothing Workers are supporting a practical school in citizenship, are reinforcing the foundations of the American republic."

If such authoritative opinions run counter to the prevailing attitude of many Americans toward the trade unions, and the Jewish unions in particular, it is probably because the literature on the subject is exceedingly sparse and almost exclusively limited to government documents. In spite of its steadily increasing strength and the unique service it has rendered, the trade union movement had not yet become thoroughly acclimated in America. The reaction of the average American layman to the very term is one of bristling hostility. It is the normal reaction of most men to whatever is strange, different, misunderstood. Read-

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ers who take no special pleasure in nursing their blind prejudices will find the New Unionism very illuminating.

The volume tells the story of a sweat-shop industry transformed by the resolute devotion of hosts of foreign-born workers to their high conception of American standards; of the persistent forging of a structure of democratic government by men and women who are radical only in that they take basic American ideals seriously. The distinguishing characteristic of the new unionism is its application to industrial government of precisely the same spirit and purpose which the founders of the Republic applied to the feudal state when rulers held the right to govern as a vested right.

It is this devotion to the ideals of self-government, whether in politics or industry, which, according to Budish and Soule, "has moulded the structure, and still more the strategy of the organizations." It is their cloud by day and their pillar of fire by night. It makes them regard their industry with something of the solicitous pride with which the old skilled artisan regarded his craft,—their means of livelihood, freedom, power and service. The vision of the time when they shall operate the industry by which they live and through which they serve, determines their attitude toward themselves as self-governing citizens of a great industrial state. It has made them the first of the unions to advocate the adoption of scientific standards of production and to develop a type of education which, because it is usually inaccessible to manual workers, they have undertaken to provide for themselves. Their conception of labor education is another manifestation of the same spirit which upwards of a hundred years ago created the public school.

"The new unionism," say Budish and Soule, "thinks of educational work in the light of its vision of a coming commonwealth with a new culture. The business unionism would burden itself with this work only in case the public school system [like the old private and parochial school system] is so reactionary and so entirely uninfluenced by the labor movement that it refuses to supply the necessary classes in English, public speaking, economics, etc. The new unionism regards the creation of a labor culture, towards which educational work is a mere initial step, as its foremost aspiration, and as much a task to be undertaken by the workers themselves as the struggle for political and industrial democracy."

Americans who have come to doubt the vitality of the American spirit,—especially those who have been lured by specious propaganda into the habit of accepting "foreigner" as the antonym of "American,"—will find the New Unionism stimulatingly reassuring.

R. W. B.

The Monster

The Monster, by Horace Bleackley. New York: George H. Doran Co.

IN its opening chapters this novel presents with considerable force the inhuman conditions of English factory workers over a century ago, and revives for us the significance of England's change from an agricultural to a manufacturing nation. The horrible abuse of children in the early cotton mills is described in lurid detail, and Robert Willoughby's transformation from a bright, sensitive boy to a stolid, relentless man seems a logical result of the cruelty he endures as a mill apprentice slaving for fourteen or sixteen hours a day from the age of seven to twenty-one.

As an overseer he is less cruel than Black Jack, by whom he was beaten and tortured. But his leniency is due only to the belief that children can turn out more work if they are not too badly mistreated. He finally becomes a rich factory owner, grinding his employees with heartless zeal and opposing all labor reform.

There is a good deal of the trite and melodramatic in this account, and when the author proceeds to depict in detail the careers of the second and third Robert Willoughby, each an only child and identified heart and soul with the cotton mills, crudities are tediously multiplied. Characters are puppets, in the main, laboriously created to illustrate the menace and to attempt the overthrow of the "Monster," the brutalizing factory system. The book is filled with futile reiteration.

Matty, the mother of the second Robert is quite convincingly drawn and her survival to a ripe old age serves to relate in a measure the disconcerting gaps of time, followed always by dull chronicles of consequent change. The third Robert Willoughby realizes the unfairness of his father's methods and introduces shorter hours, a profit-sharing regime and other modern reforms. But he remembers on the last page that "there was the Monster still to subdue" and he looks into the smiling face of his betrothed and is "inspired with a great courage."

The promise of the earlier chapters, the author's evident earnestness and the vital signaficance of the theme make one regret that the treatment could not have been more adequate.

R. H.

Jewish Pogroms

The Slaughter of the Jews in the Ukrdine in 1919, by Elias Heifetz. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

THE Ukrainian pogroms of 1919 constitute a striking exhibition of mass savagery. Approximately 120,000 men, women and children were killed; whole villages were wiped out; the entire Jewish population of southern Russia was reduced to the brink of complete destruction. Imagine our own yearly crop of lynchings, with large communities substituted for individual victims; and you gain a fairly adequate conception of what happened to the Ukrainian Jews in 1919.

Dr. Heifetz is not content merely to set down a tale of horrors. He seeks to analyze the social and psychological factors which lie behind this explosion of wholesale murder. He discovers three separate sets of motives, which hold good for the three classes of pogroms, those committed by Denikin, those committed by Petlura, and those committed by the Ukrainian guerilla leaders.

The political viewpoint of General Denikin, widely hailed in western Europe and America as a champion of democracy against Bolshevik tyranny, was very simple. He believed that all the troubles of Russia should be ascribed to the overthrow of the Tsar, which, in his opinion, was brought about by the intrigues of Jews and professional revolutionists. His remedy was correspondingly simple. Kill off as many Jews and revolutionists as possible. Then the peasants would gladly surrender their land; the workers would hasten to give up their factories; all classes would welcome the restoration of monarchy; and all would

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again be well with Holy Russia. Something miscarried in Denikin's calculations: for the Red Army routed his Cossacks near Orel; and his defeat was completed by tumultuary uprisings of the Ukrainian peasants in his rear. But, before he was obliged to seek a hospitable refuge in England, he enjoyed the satisfaction of killing about 50,000 Jews. Dr. Heifetz adduces many eye witness reports of pogroms committed by Denikin's troops, together with specimens of the violently anti-Semitic literature distributed by order of his propaganda department.

The case of the Ukrainian nationalist leader, Petlura, is somewhat different. Petlura claimed to be a Socialist; and he can scarcely have regarded pogroms as a necessary part of his political and economic policy. But he was unable to resist the temptation to make political capital by denouncing "the Jews at Moscow" and to attract the ruffianly elements to his side by offering prospects of unlimited looting. The protestations of Petlura's apologists that he actively opposed anti-Jewish outrages are effectively invalidated by the number of massacres unquestionably committed by his troops, by his appointment of a notorious organizer of pogroms, Colonel Petrov, to the post of Minister of War, and by the fact that he was present at a pogrom in Zhitomir without making any effort to stop it.

Such bandit leaders as Makhno and Grigoriev may be considered, in a very crude and direct sense, representatives of the economic desires and interests of the Ukrainian peasants. These peasants were very good Bolsheviki, so far as driving out the landlords was concerned. But, having gained possession of the land, they resented and opposed the existence of any strong central government, whether communist or monarchist. What they wanted was complete freedom of their manufactured goods, and incidentally, to murder the Jews.

Of all the contending factions the Soviet government alone consistently and vigorously repressed every anti-Jewish manifestation in the territory under its control. Dr. Heifetz gives many instances of the humanity and discipline of the Red troops. Whenever the Soviet forces were compelled to retreat even the Jewish bourgeoisie fled with them for protection.

Dr. Heifetz's book brings out very forcibly a point that is sometimes overlooked by philosophic critics of Bolshevism. The alternative to the Soviet regime is not a perfect state, based upon the principles of political and industrial freedom. It is not even an advanced capitalistic democracy, such as exists in England, France and the United States. If the Bolshevik government were overthrown today it could only give way to black reaction or to bloody, anarchistic banditry. The account of the Ukrainian pogroms reinforces and confirms the conclusion of Mr. Brailsford and Mr. Wells that the Soviet government alone possesses both the power and the will to prevent Russia from relapsing into sheer barbarism. W. H. C.

Selected Current Books

Growth of the Soil, by Knut Hamsun. Two volumes. Knopf.

One of the most famous novels by the recent winner of the Nobel award. Translated from the Norwegian by W. W. Worster.

Original Sinners, by H. W. Nevinson. Huebsch.

Eight short stories by a man who has given to public affairs most of his brilliant gifts as an artist.

Essays, by A. J. Balfour. Doran.

Speculative and political essays written during the last twelve years. From Decadence to Zionism.

The History of Social Development, by F. Müller-Lyer. Knopf.

Sympathetically introduced by L. T. Hobhouse as an attempt at an inductive sociology which must be taken into account.

The Philosophy of Fine Art, by Hegel. Four volumes. Harcourt.

The first complete translation into English of the great German work. Done, with notes, by F. P. B. Osmaston.

How the Mind Cures, by G. F. Butler, M. D. Knopf.

"A consideration of the relationship between your outside and your inside individualities and the influence they exercise upon each other for your physical and mental welfare", by the director of the North Shore Health Resort, Winnetka, Illinois.

Agamemnon, by Aeschylus, translated by Locke Ellis. Harcourt.

A paper edition.

The Evolution of Revolution, by H. M. Hyndman. Boni.

A leading English Socialist surveys the growth of human society and sketches the economic influences. Reviews the Russian experiment from the Right.

War-Time Strikes and Their Adjustment, by A. M. Bing. Dutton.

The labor difficulties which occurred during the war and the machinery created to adjust them.

Must We Fight Japan, by Walter B. Pitkin. Century.

The Japanese "crisis" and how to deal with it.

A Correction

In our issue of February 23rd, page 371, in the article, Austria, Hungary and the Habsburgs, the invasion of the Hungarian plains by the Huns in incorrectly given as 896. The Huns came from Asia to the Hungarian plains about 375 and the main body of them went back to Asia in 455.

The Index for Volume XXV which was completed with our issue No. 325, has been printed separately. It will be mailed on request, post free, to any subscriber who will send his name and address on a post card directed to the New Republic, 421 West 21st Street, New York City.

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C. R. JOHNSON is a pseudonym.

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